

# RED SEAL COMICS

NO. 10

WORLD'S  
Greatest  
FIGHTING COMICS OF THE AGE





**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**





# Black DWARF



**R**iding on the crest of a crime wave, chuckling with menacing mirth and brandishing a knife that bears countless notches--the beggar king comes to town! Result:- the police go on a diet of black coffee and fingernails while the **Black Dwarf** and his squad of ex-crooks defy blind men's bludgeons and cripples' canes to reach a savage showdown with the beggars' bloody monarch!

**A** jealous underworld makes life dangerous for a beggar king in Chicago--

HEY! DON'T CLOSE THAT GATE, YOU! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT TRAIN!



**HOLD YOUR HOSSES, KING! YOU'RE GETTING A FREE RIDE TO JOLIET PRISON, COURTESY OF THE CHICAGO POLICE!**





YOU'RE BUCKING FOR A SLOW RIDE IN A HEARSE, FLATFOOT! NEW YORK'S MY DESTINATION!



Twenty minutes later, police teletypes flash a "Wanted for Murder" on the beggar king.

FORT WAYNE DETECTIVES REQUESTED TO BOARD AND SEARCH TRAIN! CAUTION-- KILLER IS POWERFULLY BUILT AND EXTREMELY TREACHEROUS!



But outside Gary, Indiana...

AH, NOW TO RIDE IN STYLE! I HATE THEM PARLOR CARS!

HEY, JOE! COME, SEE! ROYALTY'S HOPPIN' ABOARD!



COPS AREN'T QUICK ENOUGH TO CATCH THAT OLD RASCAL. BET HE'S COMING HERE TO NEW YORK. I'D BETTER TIP OFF MY CREW!



NOT COMING UP TO THE GYM, WILSON?

NO HANDBALL TODAY, JUDGE. TOMORROW, PERHAPS!



JUDGE THAYER WOULD HAVE NINE FITS IF HE DISCOVERED THAT SHORTY WILSON-- WEALTHY SPORTSMAN AND FORMER ALL-AMERICAN END IS THE BLACK DWARF!



Parking his coupe, Shorty heads for a dingy stairway that leads to the Black Dwarf's headquarters.

WE CAN'T PULL OUR PUNCHES ON THE BEGGAR KING! HE'LL BE A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK!





I EXPECT THE BOYS  
BACK ANY MINUTE,  
BOSS. WHAT'S  
COOKIN' IN  
**CRIME'S**  
**KITCHEN?**

HOLDUPS, PURSE  
SNATCHING AND  
PICKPOCKETING  
UNDER THE **EXPERT**  
SUPERVISION OF THE  
**BEGGAR KING!**



THEY'LL RUN THE  
COPS RAGGED!  
THINK WE CAN  
BREAK UP THE  
BEGGARS, ARSENIC?

I'LL GUARANTEE IT  
WON'T BE A  
**BLOODLESS**  
BATTLE, BOSS!  
HERE COME  
THE BOYS!



ABOUT FACE,  
**NITRO!** YOU  
AND THE HUMAN  
FLY ARE GOING  
TO FIND ME A  
**BEARDED**  
**GIANT!**

YOU  
KIDDIN'?  
UH- THE  
BEGGAR  
KING  
AIN'T IN  
TOWN?



**ON THE BALL,**  
**NITRO!** A  
FAMOUS SAFE  
CRACKER LIKE  
**YOU** AIN'T  
AFRAID OF A  
RAGGETY  
OLE BEGGAR!

I AIN'T  
'FRAID OF  
NOTHIN'  
SMALLER  
THAN A  
MOOSE,  
MR. FLY!  
**LET'S GO!**



JUMP INTO YOUR  
GLAD RAGS, TOOTS,  
AND DRAG OLD  
FIFTY- SEVENTH  
STREET WITH  
YOUR SEQUIN  
PURSE!

I HATE  
MOLL  
BUZZERS.  
MUST I  
BRING 'IM  
BACK  
ALIVE?



**AHA!** THE SWEET SYMPHONY  
OF **POLICE CAR SIRENS!**  
BEGGAR KING HAS  
COMPETITION-- OR  
IS GIVING IT!



**M**eanwhile in a Bowery hash house--

GUY JUST PHONED  
THAT **BLACK DWARF**  
IS ON THE TOWN  
TONIGHT, KING!

**SNOOPIN', EH?**  
I'LL FIND THAT  
RUNT AND BREAK  
EVERY BONE IN  
HIS BODY!





YOU KNOW **BLACK DWARF**? WHERE CAN I FIND HIM, PARROT?

**CRIPES, KING!**  
DON'T ASK ME!  
I KEEP MESELF  
WHERE THE BLACK  
DWARF **AIN'T!**



POSSIBLY I CAN  
AID IN THE SEARCH,  
YOUR MAJESTY!

**HARRUMPH!**  
GET THAT GAT  
OFF MY BACK,  
YOU SAWED  
OFF SKUNK!



IXNAY ON THE  
HORSEPLAY, MY  
NOBLE KNAVE OR  
I'LL POP **LEAD**  
**PELLETS** INTO  
YOUR GIZZARD!

**RAT!**  
DON'T  
TRY  
THAT  
AGAIN!

I'M GIVING YOU AND  
YOUR BEGGAR MOB  
ONE HOUR TO HOP  
THE NEXT FREIGHT  
OUT OF TOWN!  
OTHERWISE, YOU'LL  
HAVE TO BUY 'EM  
**BULLETPROOF**  
**VESTS!**



YOU CAN'T PLAY BLIND  
MAN'S BLUFF WHEN  
YOUR SHOES SQUEAK,  
CHUM! TAKE A BITE  
OF **KNUCKLE PIE!**



**GOTCHA-- YA SNOOPIN'**  
**RAT! STUCK YUH NECK**  
**OUT FOR THE**  
**LAST TIME!**

WOULDN'T  
BET ON IT,  
WOULD YOU?



YOU'RE HANGING AROUND  
THE **WRONG JOINTS**,  
KING! MY SHOULDERS  
ARE **DOUBLE-JOINTED!**

**HEY!**  
WHAT  
YOU DOIN'?







YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT, DWARF! I'LL SLASH YOU TO RIBBONS OF RAW MEAT!

OKAY-IF YOU CAN DO IT WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR. AFTER THAT, YOU'LL LOOK LIKE HAMBURGER!



HERE YOU ARE, MY POOR MAN! BUY YOURSELF A SEVEN COURSE STEAK DINNER!

T'ANKS, MA'AM!

CRIPES! WILL YA LOOK AT DA ROCKS ON HER WRISTS! I'LL GIVE LOU THE SIGNAL!



HE'S FLAGGING A FOOTPAD UP AHEAD. WELL, BROTHER-- YOU'D BETTER WATCH OUT!



NO DICE, DRIP! LITTLE ARSENIC MAKES A SPECIALTY OF LEAD POISONING!



WHAT'S THE GAFF, GOON? YOU ONE OF THE BEGGAR KING'S BOYS? HOW DOES HE PAY OFF? GIVE-- OR I'LL TWEET-TWEET FOR A GENDARME!

HE PAYS OKAY MORE THAN A FENCE. SCRAM, SISTER. HERE COMES A NOSEY COP!



As the fateful hour rushes toward Black Dwarf's deadline for the Beggar King--

PSST, FLY! YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? REAR BOOTH?

YEAH--HIS HOBO HIGHNESS, I'LL SLIP OUT AND BUZZ THE BOSS.



ANY CALLS  
FOR ME,  
LIPPY?

YEAH. FLY PHONED FI'  
MINS AGO. YOU FLOAT  
IN REAR OF GROGAN'S  
HASH HOUSE ON THE  
BOWERY, HE SAYS.



*Speeding downtown. Black Dwarf  
closes in on his prey--*

HEY! WHAT SA  
DA IDEA!  
YOU CAN'T-A--!

SHH, LUIGI!



YOU GOT ENOUGH  
BLIND MEN, HUH?  
WHAT I HAFTA  
DO-- CUT OFF  
A LEG TO JOIN  
YOUR MOB?

BLOW,  
BUD!  
I'M  
BUSY!  
HEY--  
YOU GOT  
THE RIGHT  
TIME?

THE TIME, SIRE?  
WHY, THIS IS THE  
HOUR FOR YOUR  
DDT SHOWER!

YOU!  
I'LL  
SHOWER  
YOU WITH  
PAVING  
BLOCKS!

NEAT PILE OF  
SWAG YOUR  
SAPPERS  
SNATCHED  
TONIGHT! RUN  
ABOUT FIFTY  
THOUSAND,  
WON'T IT?

SHOOT--  
BUT I'M  
COMING AT  
YUH JUST  
THE SAME!



I WASN'T PULLING YOUR  
LEG, KING. WHEN I TOLD  
YOU TO LEAVE TOWN  
WITHIN AN HOUR! HEAR  
THOSE SIRENS?

YOU SNEAKIN-  
RAT! YOU  
BUZZED  
THE COPS!



*Half an hour later--*

SO! THIS IS WHERE  
YOU HANG OUT! I'VE  
BEEN TEARING ALL  
OVER TOWN TO GIVE  
YOU THE LOWDOWN  
ON KING!

WE'VE PUT  
HIM OFF  
OUR LIST,  
ARSENIC! HEY,  
LUIGI! BRING  
THE LADY PIE  
A LA MODE  
AND COFFEE!





THE

# Gay DESPERADO

Wanted by the law for the crimes of another, Jim Collins became a fugitive, hidden behind the identity of **The Gay Desperado**. And in a desperate attempt to tear the blindfold from the eyes of justice, **The Gay Desperado** found a two-gun ghost, who killed for **HAUNTED LAND!**



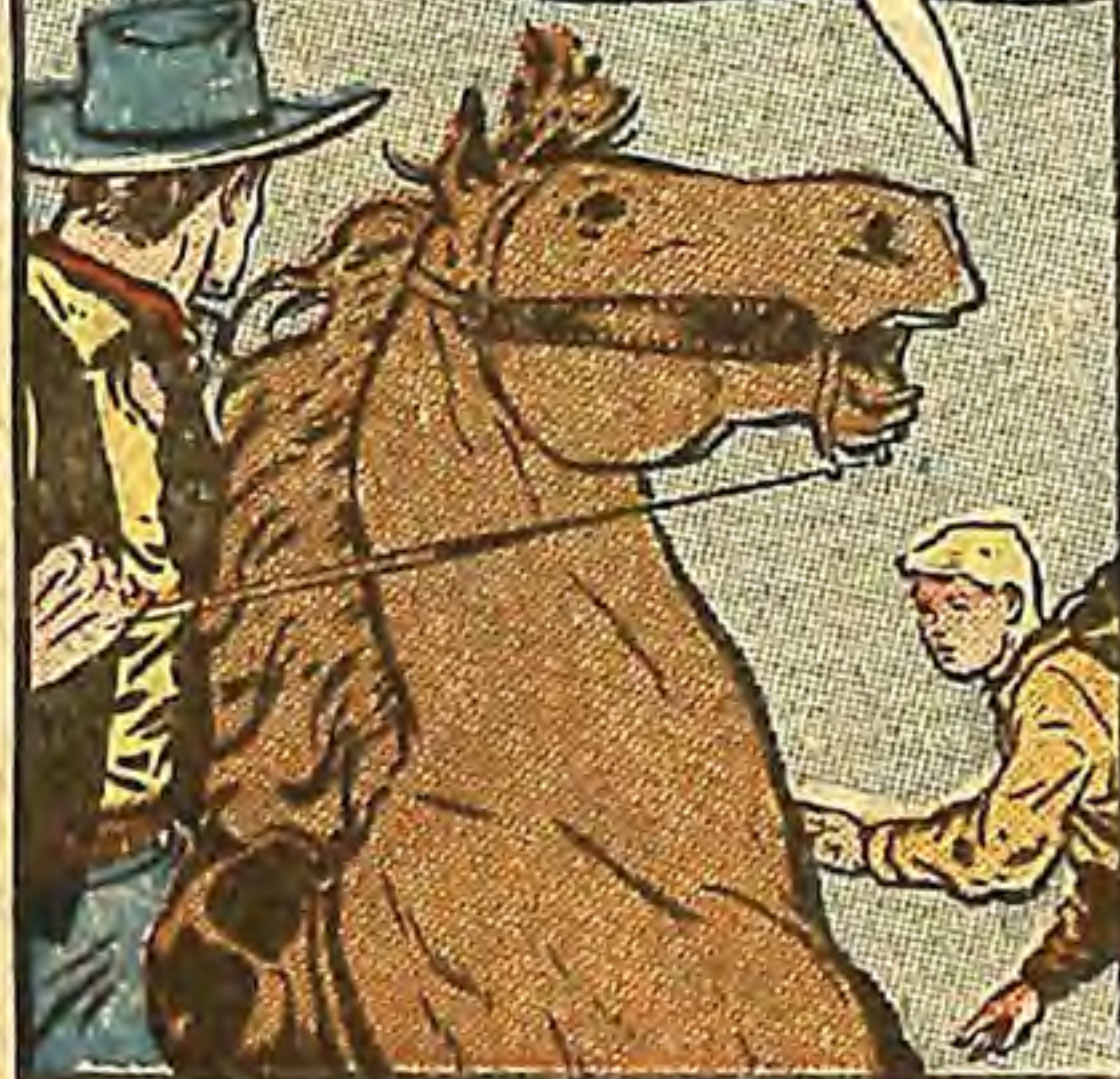
PATSY!  
WAKE  
UP!

HUH?  
WHAT'S  
COOKIN',  
JIM?



THAT'S  
WHAT WE  
AIM TO  
FIND OUT,  
KID!

MAYBE THE  
LAW'S AFTER  
YOU AGAIN,  
JIM! YOU  
OR YOUR  
OTHER SELF,  
**THE GAY  
DESPERADO!**

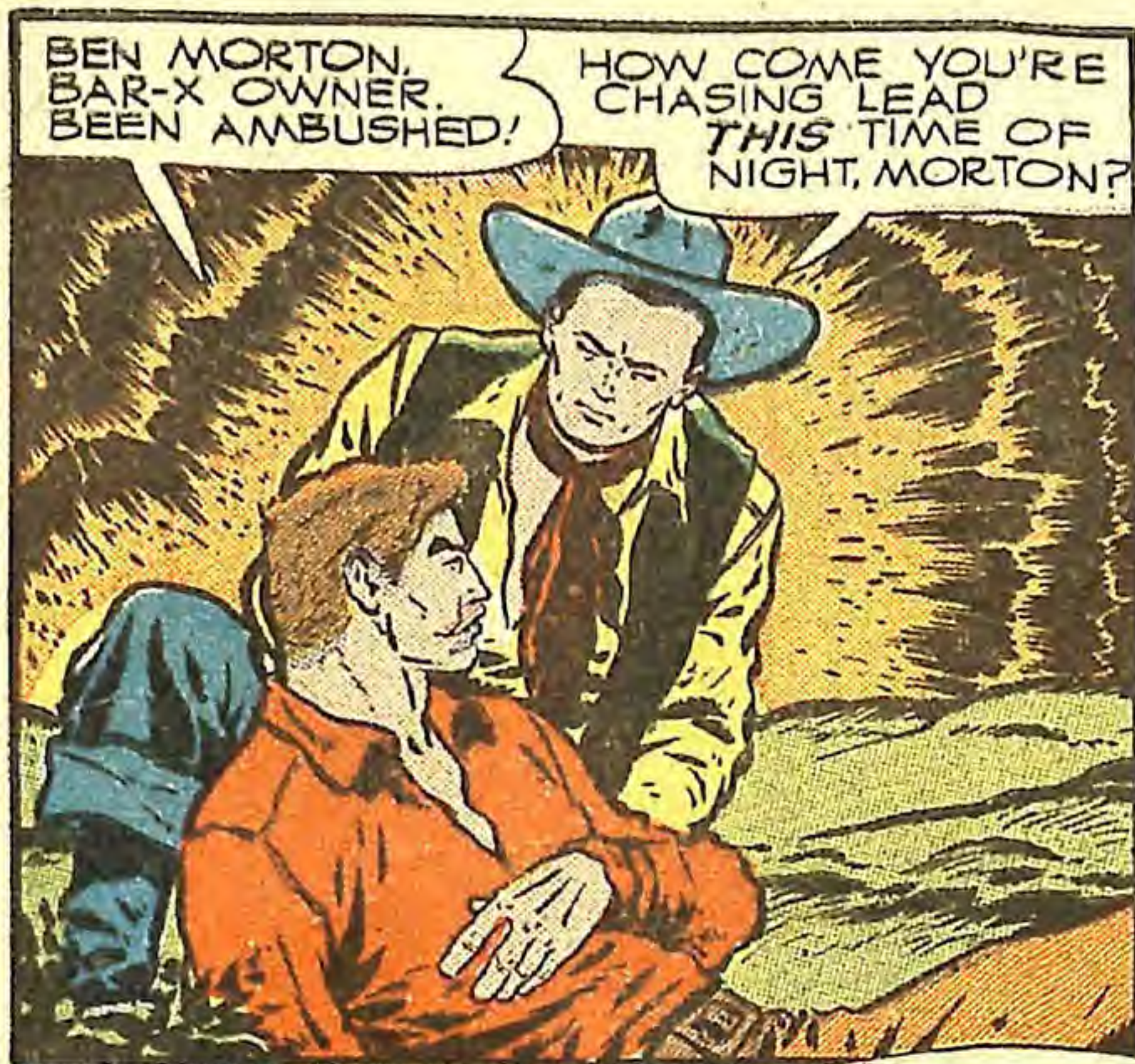


HELP!

A WOUNDED  
MAN ON  
THE GROUND,  
PATSY!





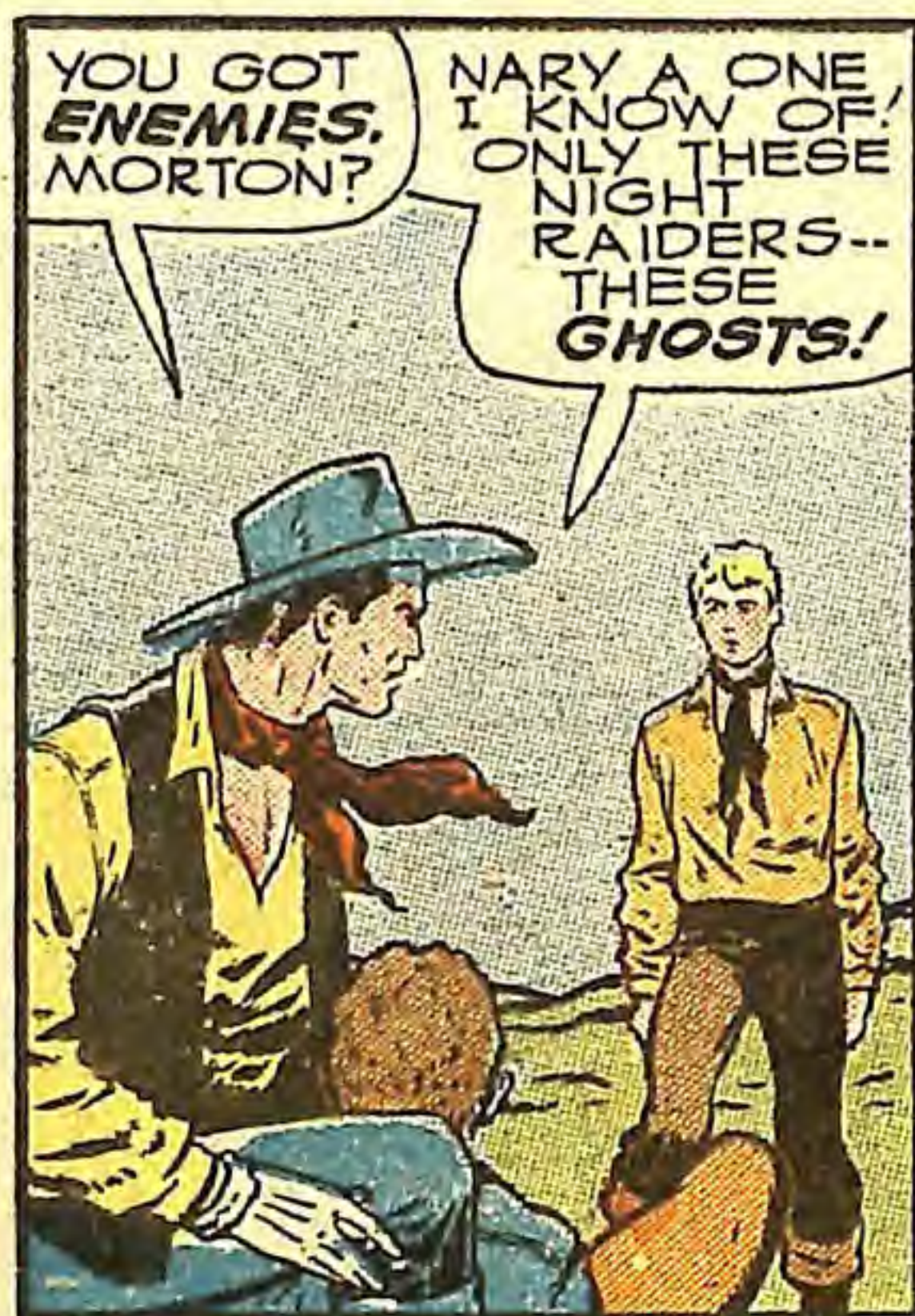


BEN MORTON, BAR-X OWNER, BEEN AMBUSHED!

HOW COME YOU'RE CHASING LEAD THIS TIME OF NIGHT, MORTON?



GHOST RIDERS HAUNT MY LAND! TONIGHT I ALMOST GOT 'EM-- RUSTLIN' MY CATTLE, BUT THE COYOTES FED ME BULLETS OUT OF THAT THAR BRUSH!



YOU GOT ENEMIES, MORTON?

NARY A ONE, I KNOW OF! ONLY THESE NIGHT RAIDERS-- THESE GHOSTS!



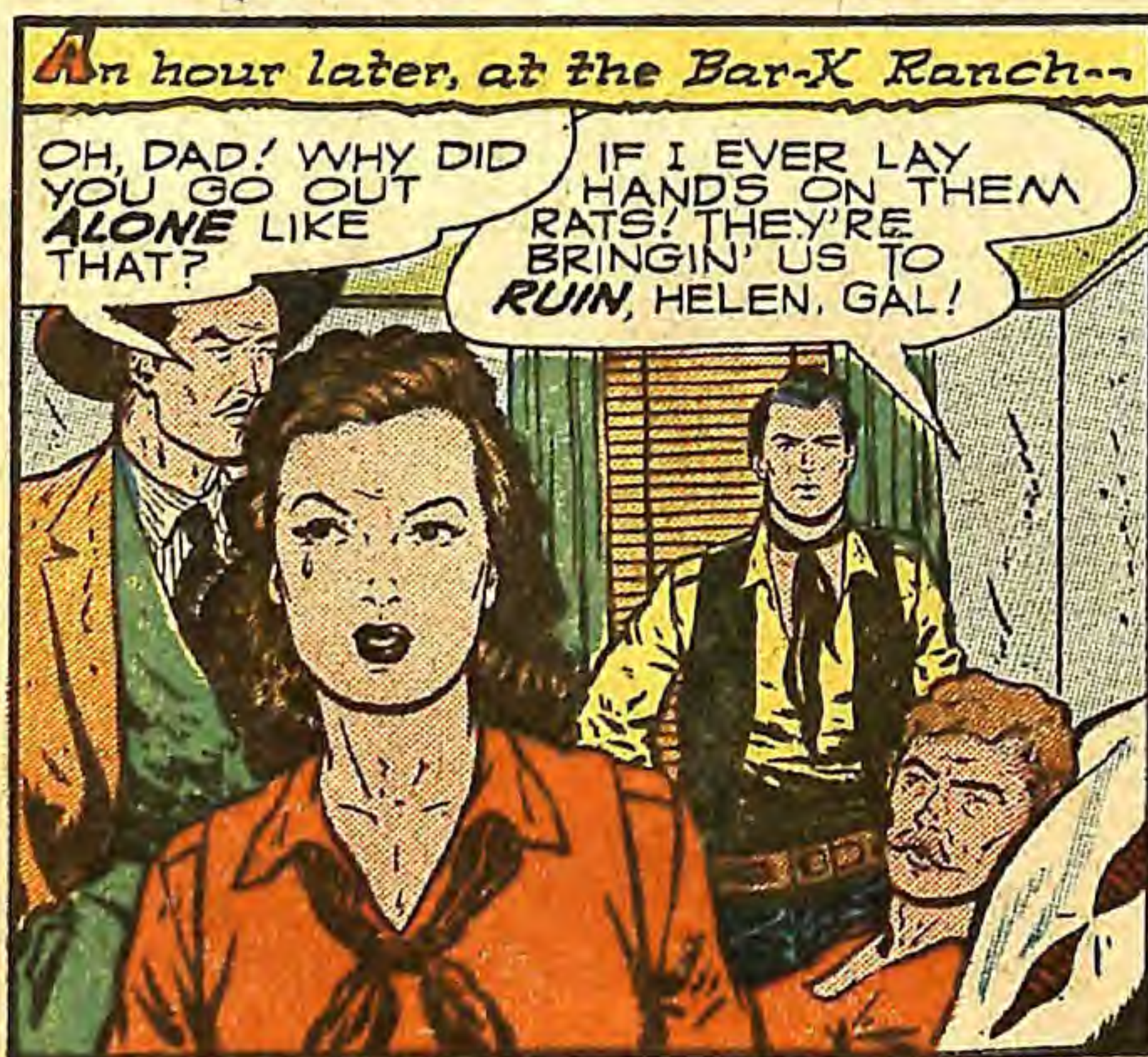
HELP MORTON UP, PATSY. WHILE I LOOK AROUND!

OKAY! COME ON, MR. MORTON, EASY NOW!



At the rustlers' abandoned campfire--

HUH! AN ACE OF SPADES FROM A MARKED DECK! RECKON I'D LIKE TO MEET THE OWNER OF THIS!



OH, DAD! WHY DID YOU GO OUT ALONE LIKE THAT?

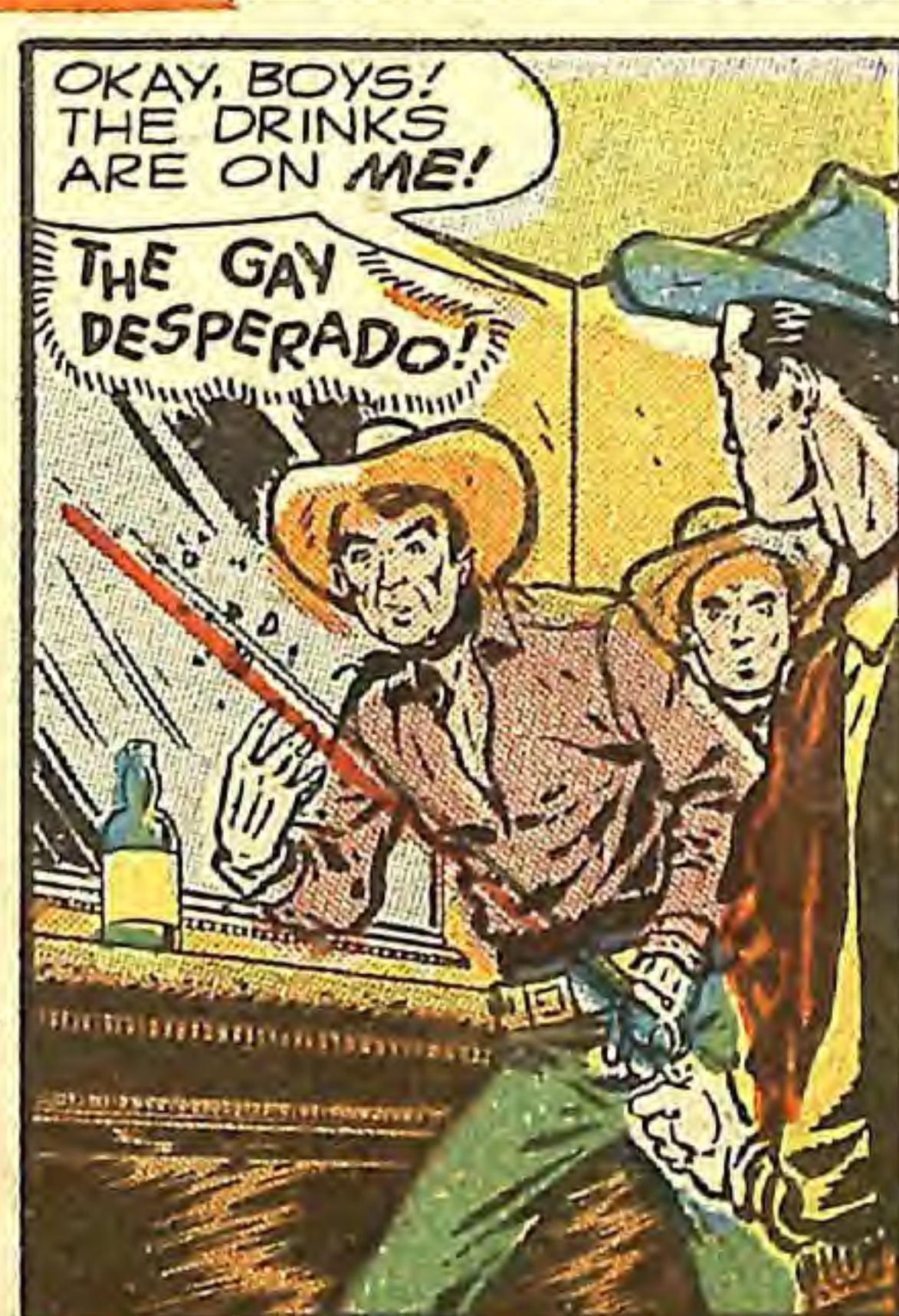
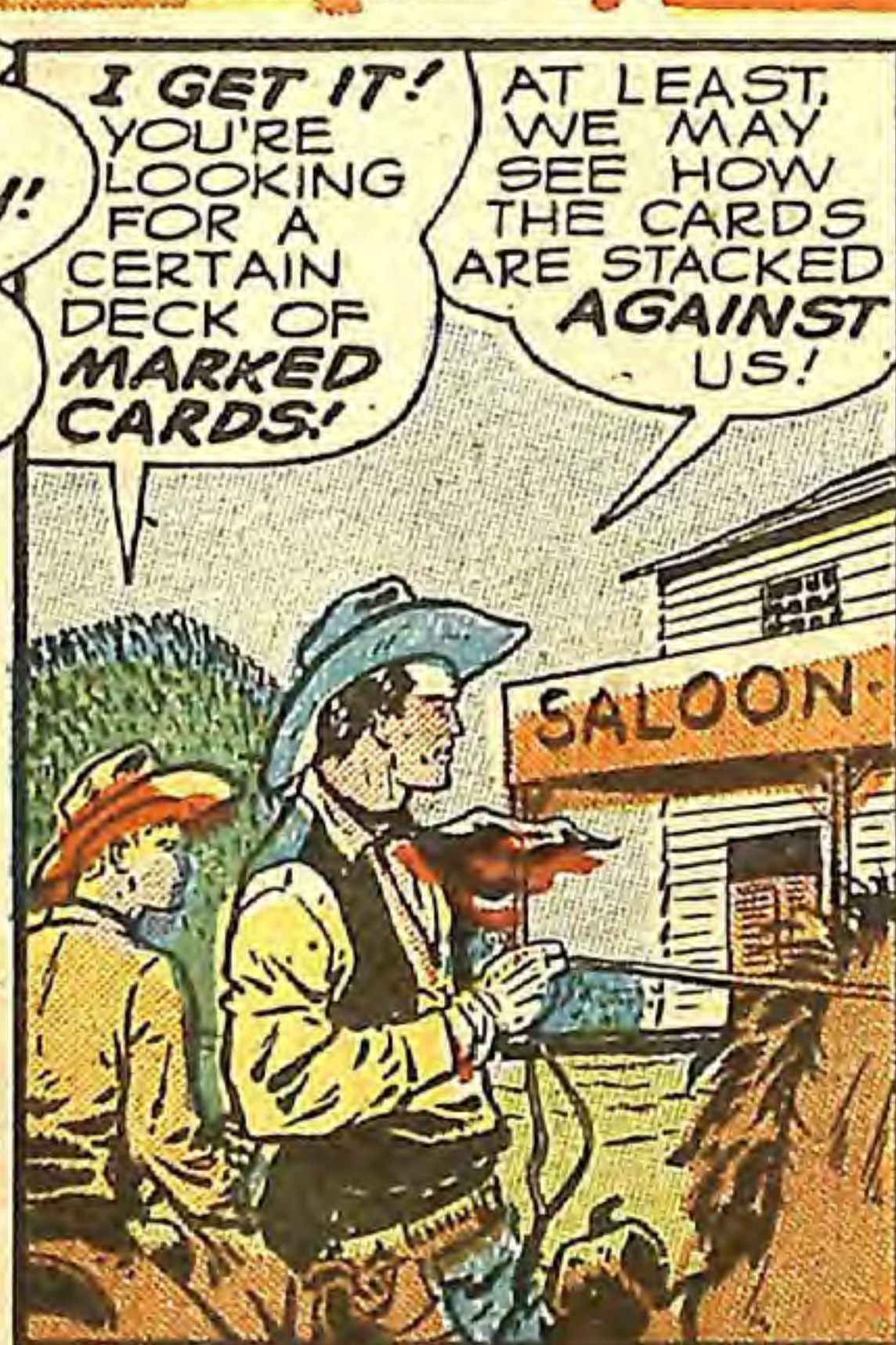
IF I EVER LAY HANDS ON THEM RATS! THEY'RE BRINGIN' US TO RUIN, HELEN, GAL!



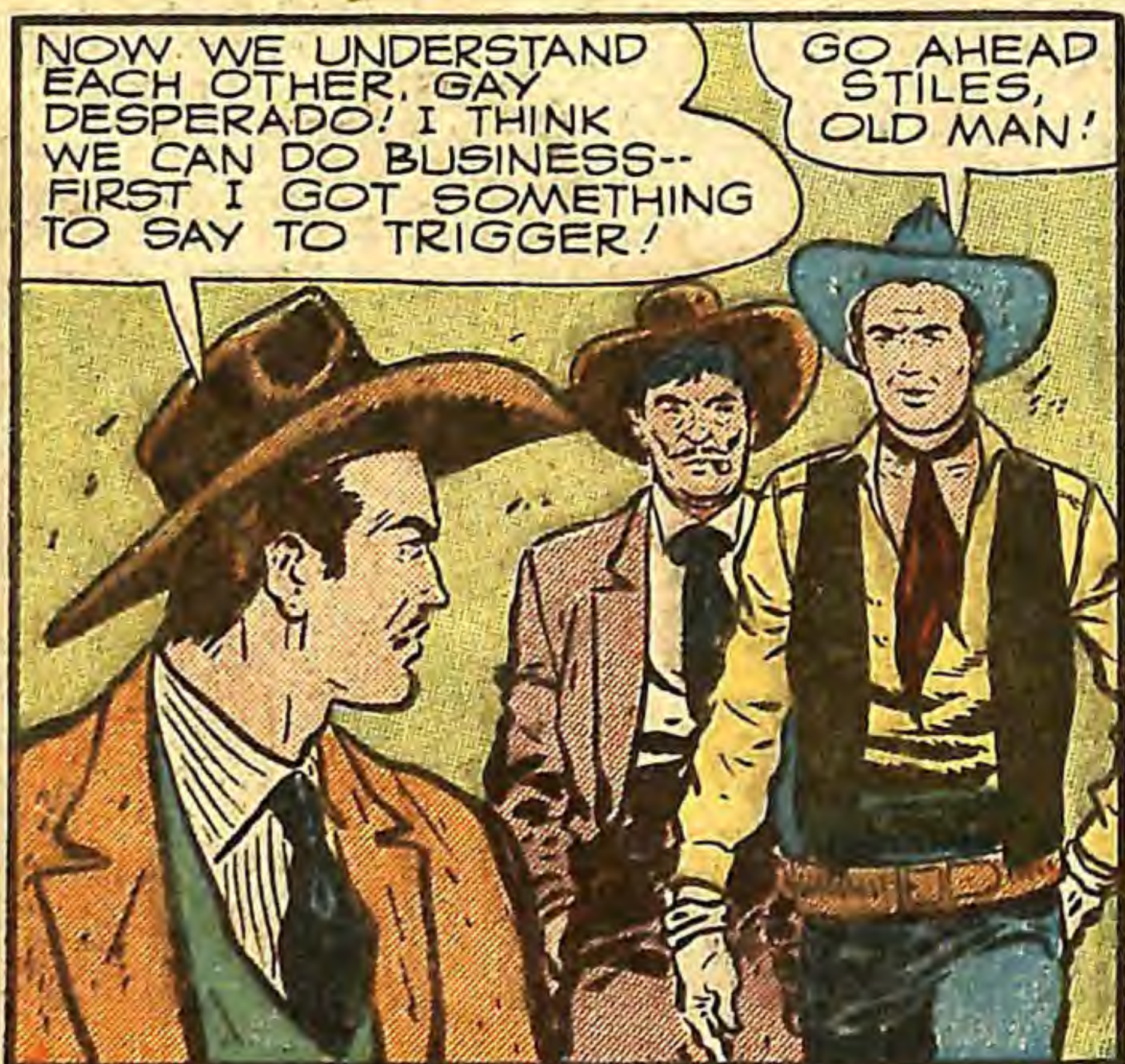
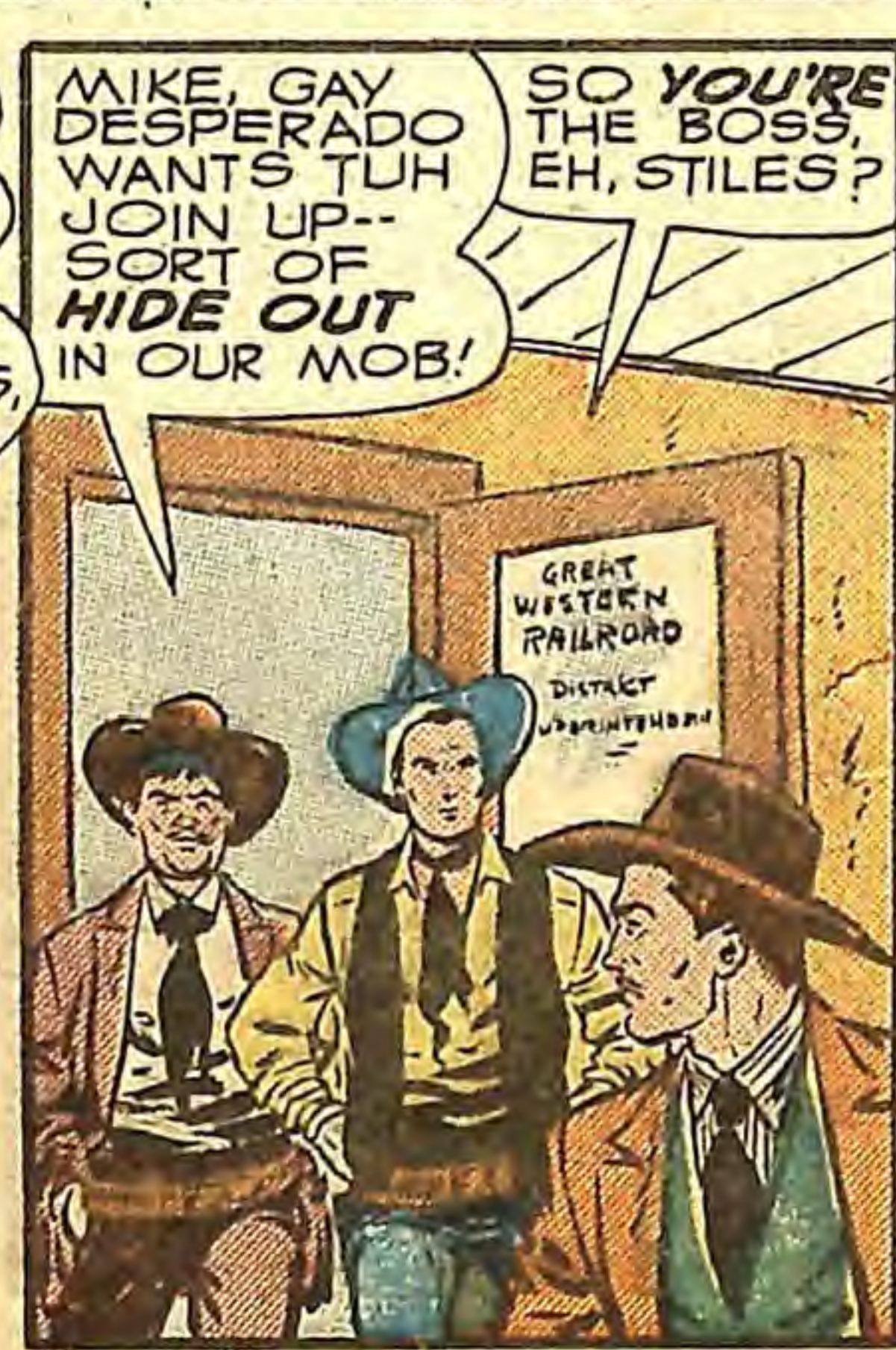
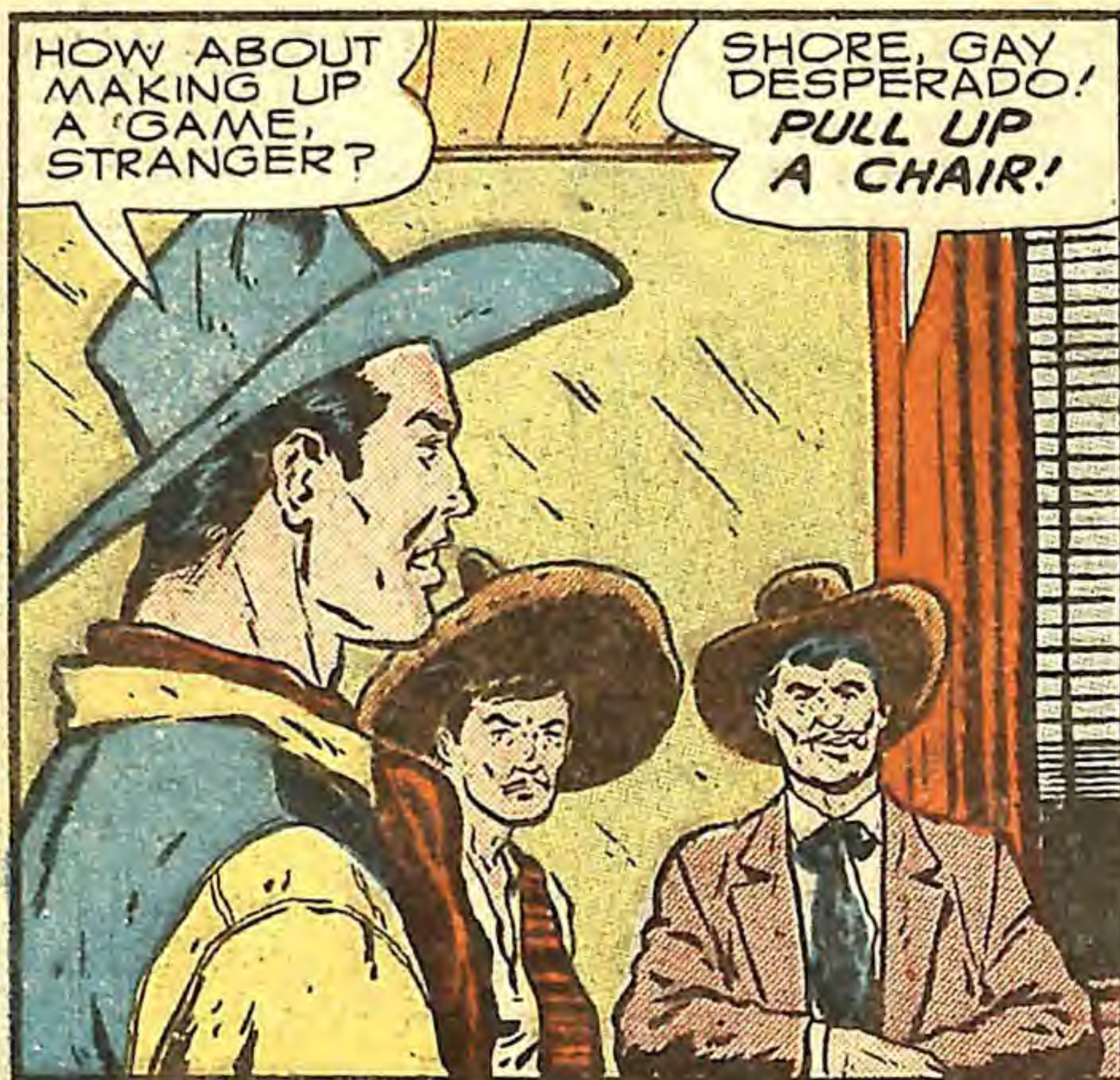
DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE, BEN! YOU KNOW I'LL ALWAYS LOAN YOU WHATEVER YOU NEED!

IT'S GOOD OF YUH, MIKE STILES, BUT THAT AIN'T BEN MORTON'S WAY!

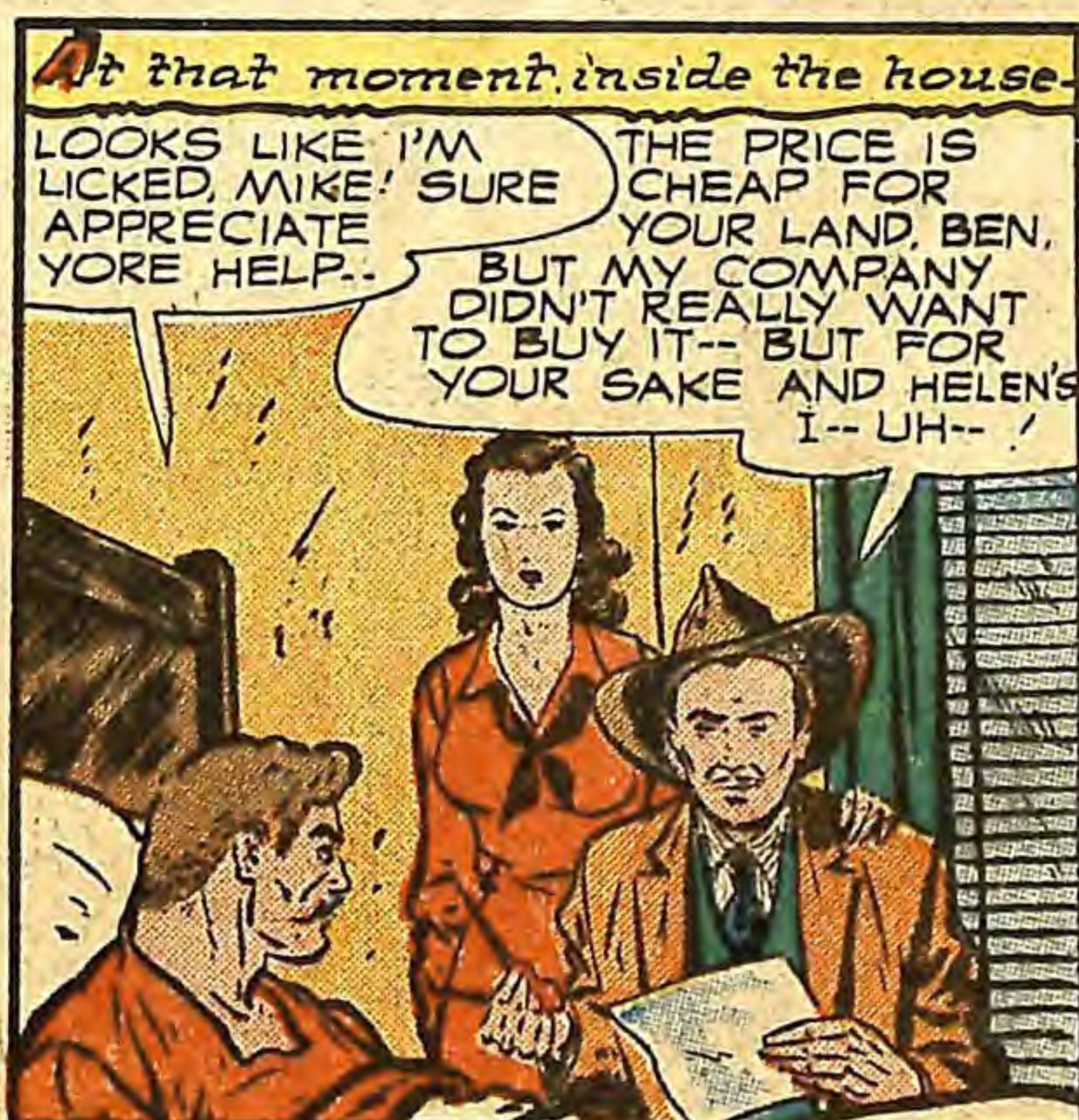
















DON'T SIGN THAT PAPER MORTON, BEFORE YOU READ THE LETTER I GOT HERE!

**YOU!**  
I THOUGHT THE POSSE--!



WHY, YUH RAT, MIKE! THIS HERE PRICE IS FIVE TIMES WHAT YUH OFFERED ME! AND I NEVER GIVE YUH NO OPTION--

THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE!



AND THIS IS IT, FOLKS. NOT TAKING MY GUN! GET 'EM UP!

AND TO THINK I WAS GOING TO MARRY MIKE STILES!



YOUR MISTAKE IN NOT KNOWING THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE!

**OW-W-W-W!**  
I'LL KILL YOU, GAY DESPERADO!



YOU'D BETTER BRING YOUR GANG ALONG!

**WOW!** LOOK! GAY DESPERADO!



GUESS WE GOT YUH THIS TIME GAY DESPERADO!

NO, SHERIFF! READ THIS LETTER!



WELL, I'M DURNED! IT WAS MIKE STILES WHAT WAS IN YORE WHISKERS, BEN! UH, HEY WE LET THE GAY DESPERADO GET AWAY! WE WANT HIM, ANYHOW!

RECKON HE'S TOO SMART, SHERIFF!

**WEE!**



THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, JIM!

YEAH, BUT WE SETTLED STILES, PATSY! GOSH, WONDER IF WE'LL EVER BE CLEAR O' THE LAW!



# PREHISTORIC

# PETE

**OUCH, EVA!**  
HOW MUCH OF  
DOC HERB'S  
MUSCLE MOLASSES  
DID YOU DRINK  
TO GET SO STRONG?

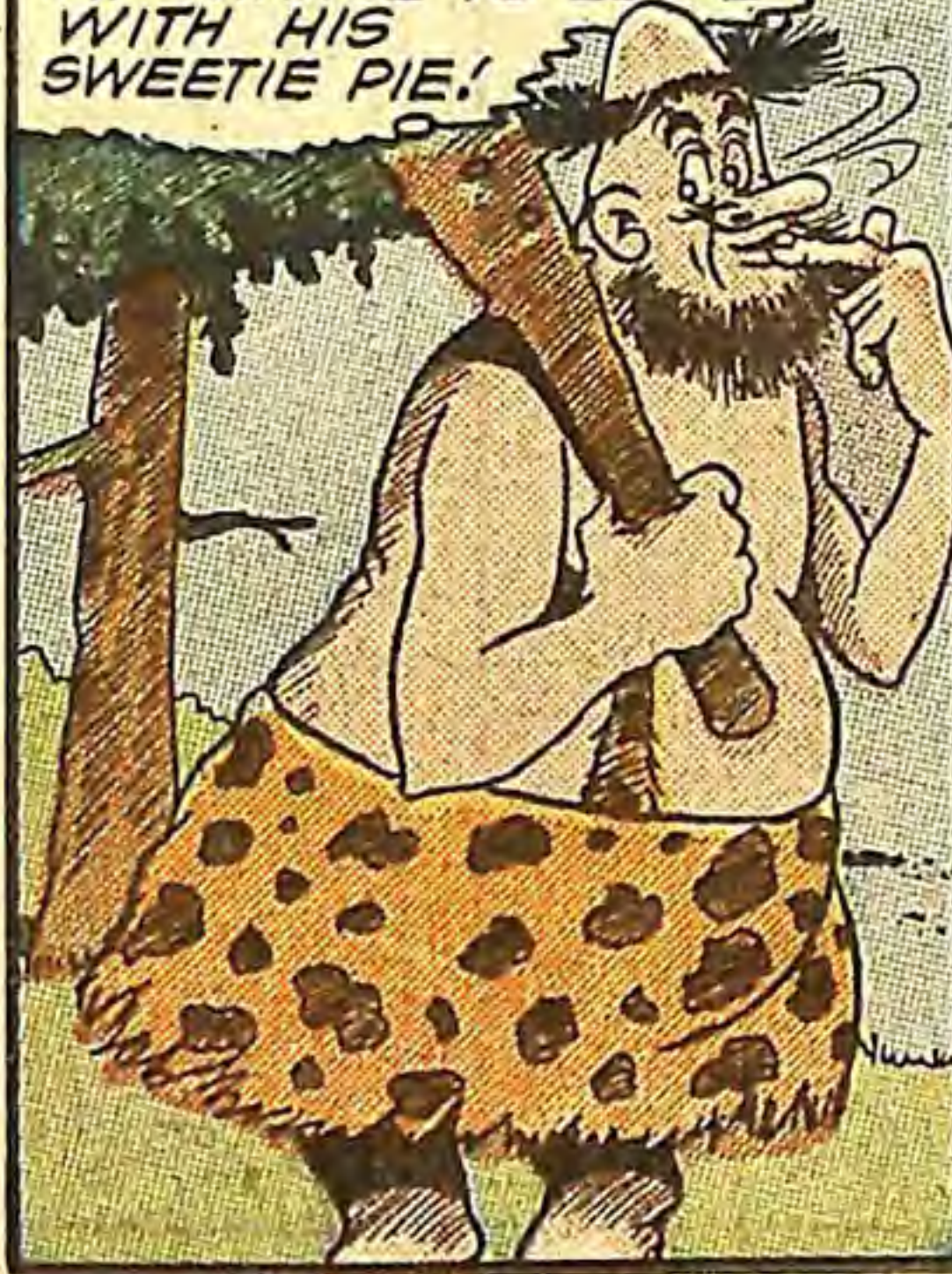


WHATCHA GOT  
BESIDES BATS  
IN THE BELFRY,  
PETE? YUH  
LOOK LIKE  
THE LAST  
ROSE OF  
SUMMER!

**G'WAY--  
BROOMJAW!**  
I'VE PAINS  
ENOUGH  
WITHOUT  
GETTIN' ONE  
IN THE NECK  
FROM YOU!



HUH-HUH! BUT  
THE JOKE'S ON  
PETE 'CAUSE NOW'S  
MY CHANCE TO ELOPE  
WITH HIS  
SWEETIE PIE!

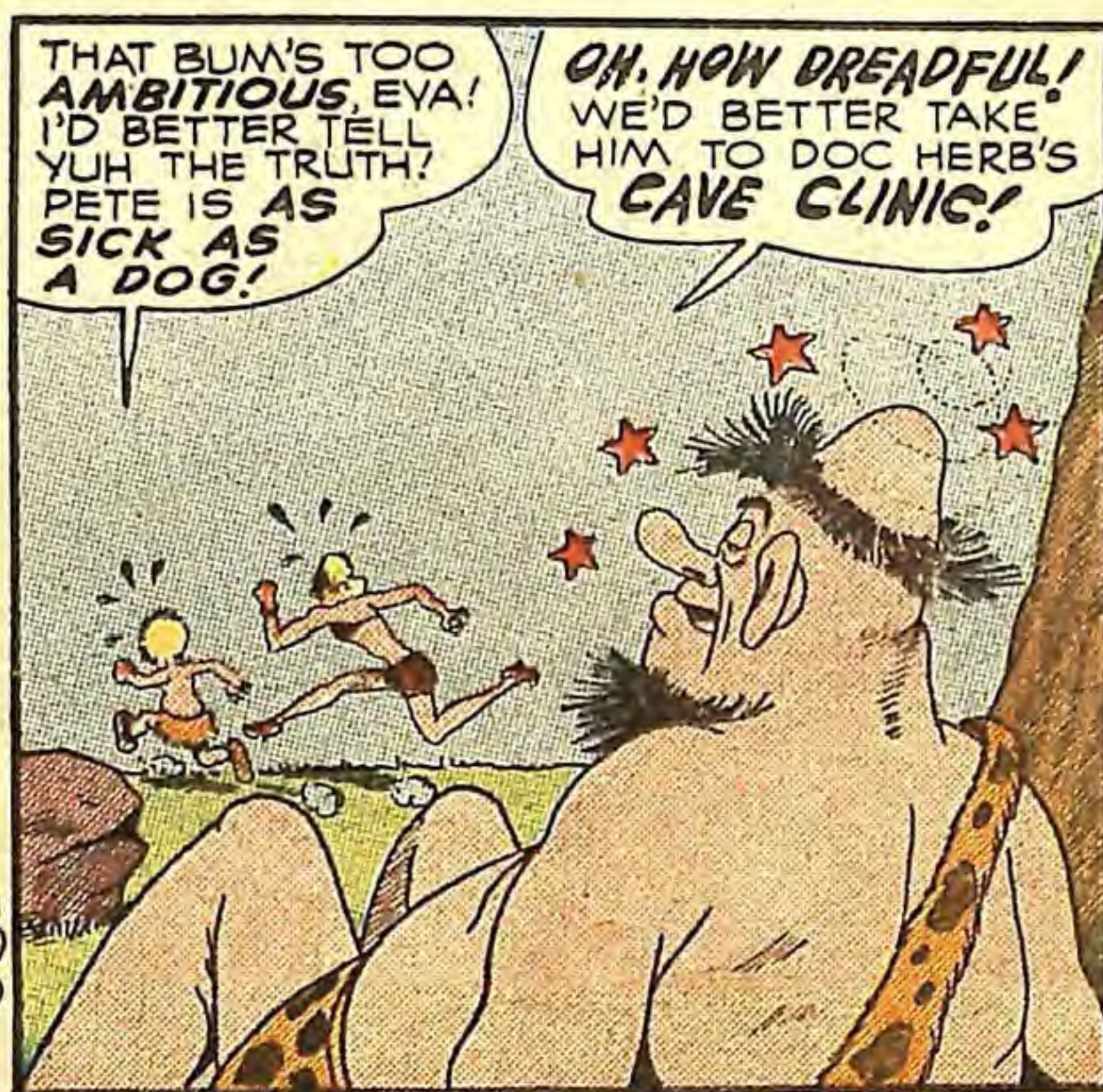


HOWDY--  
PEBBLE M'LAD.  
IS YOUR  
CHARMING  
SISTER  
AT HOME?

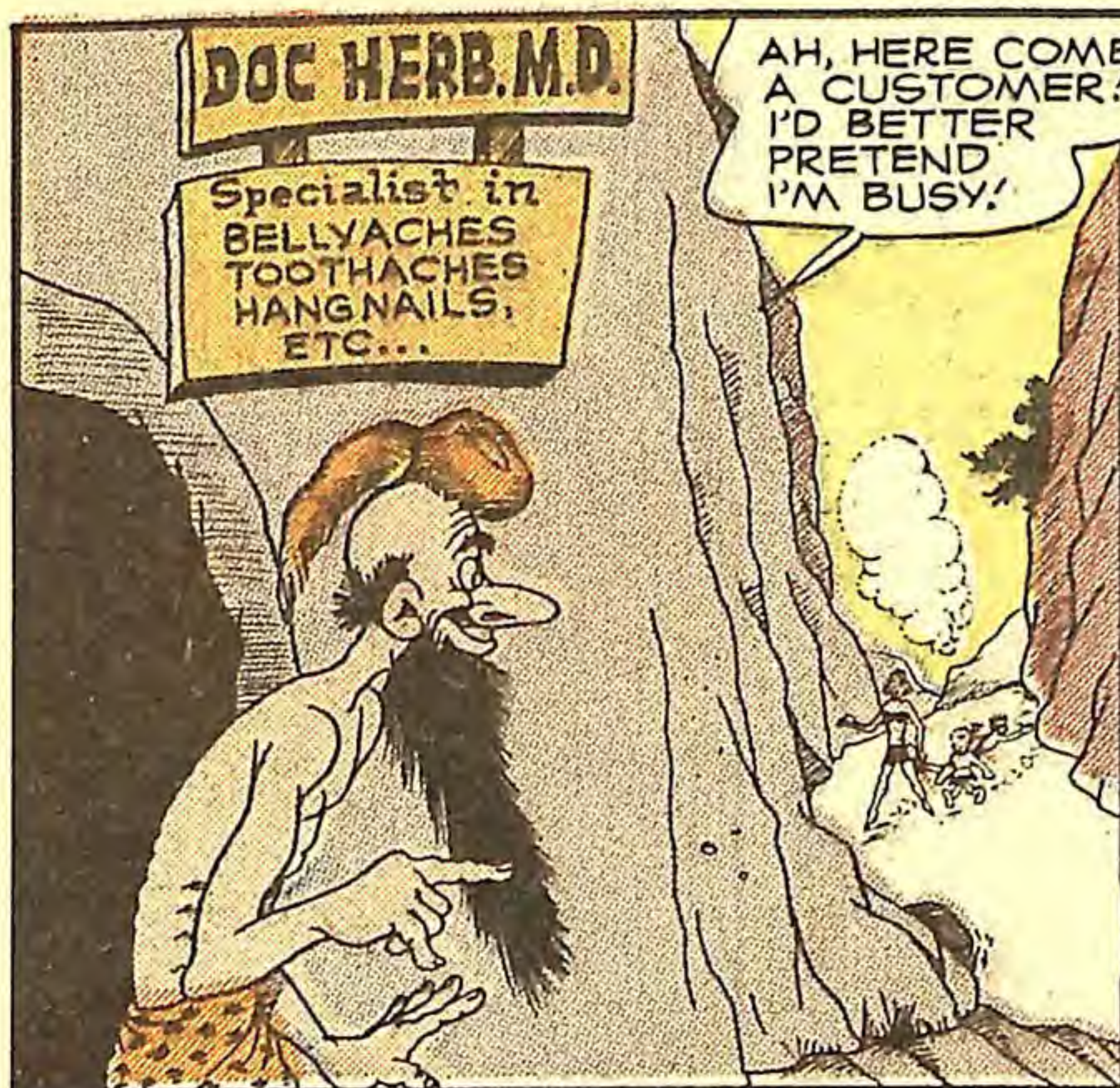
**SCRAM,  
BROOMY--  
BEFORE I  
BUST YUH  
ONE!**











AH, HERE COMES A CUSTOMER! I'D BETTER PRETEND I'M BUSY!



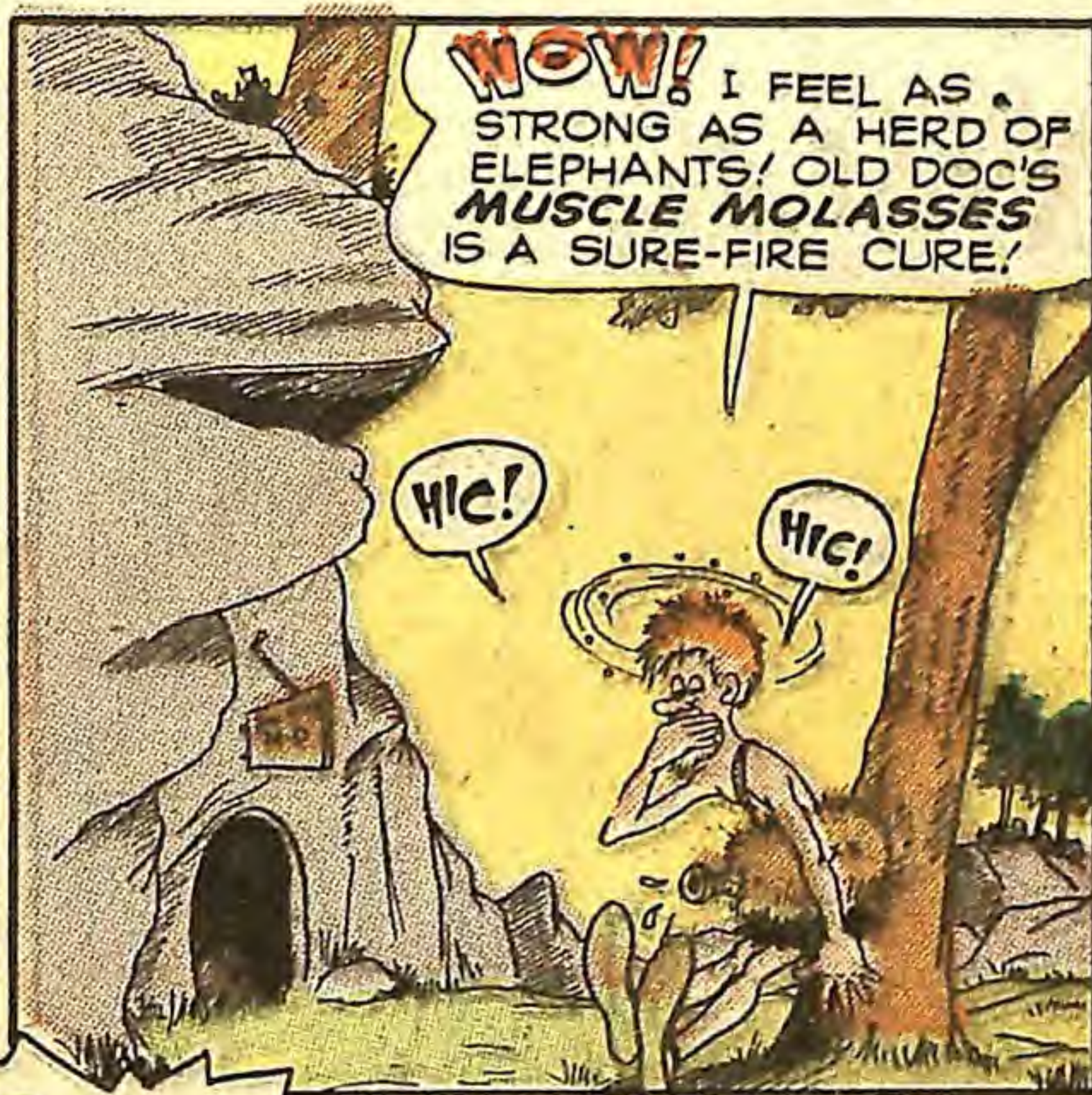
AW, PLEASE, DOC! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING FOR PETE. WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO BURY HIM!

G'WAY, GIRL! YOU'RE DISTURBING A VERY SECRET EXPERIMENT!



OH WELL-- IF YOU INSIST! WHERE IS THE PATIENT?

RIGHT THIS WAY-- DOC!



WOW! I FEEL AS STRONG AS A HERD OF ELEPHANTS! OLD DOC'S MUSCLE MOLASSES IS A SURE-FIRE CURE!

HIC!

HIC!



THIEF! SWINDLER!! HE DRANK UP THE MUSCLE MOLASSES I SET OUT IN THE SUN TO RIPEN!

S'GREAT STUFF, DOC! I'LL BUY ALL YOU'VE GOT!

HIC!



SOLD-- FOR A HUNDRED FROGSKINS! WHEE! I'M RICH!



WHEW! WHAT A LOAD! GUESS WE'D BETTER STOP AND GULP SOME OF THIS STRONGMAN'S SASPARILLA!





YOU FAKER! YOU WEREN'T SICK AT ALL-- BUT YOU WILL BE WHEN I'M FINISHED WITH YOU!

GLUB! GLUB!



HOWDY BROOMJAW! WHAT YOU RUNNING FROM?

ON, PETE! LOOK OUT!



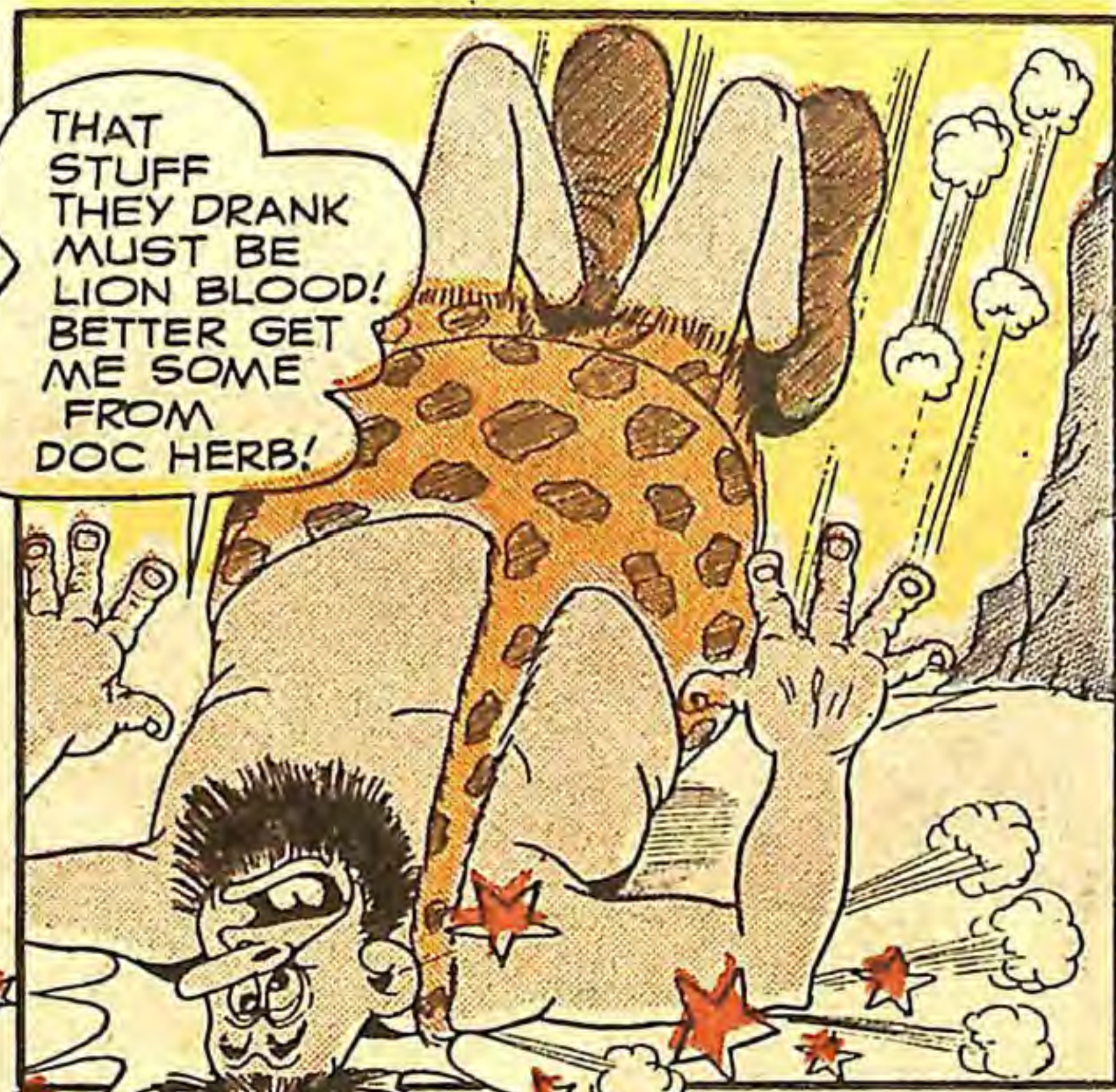
LET GO OF MY FEET, YOU NUMBSKULL, OR I'LL BRAIN YUH!

WHAT D'YOU KNOW ABOUT BRAINS, BROOMJAW?



CATCH EVA!

NO, THANKS! YOU CAN'T THROW HIM FAR ENOUGH TO SUIT ME, PETE!

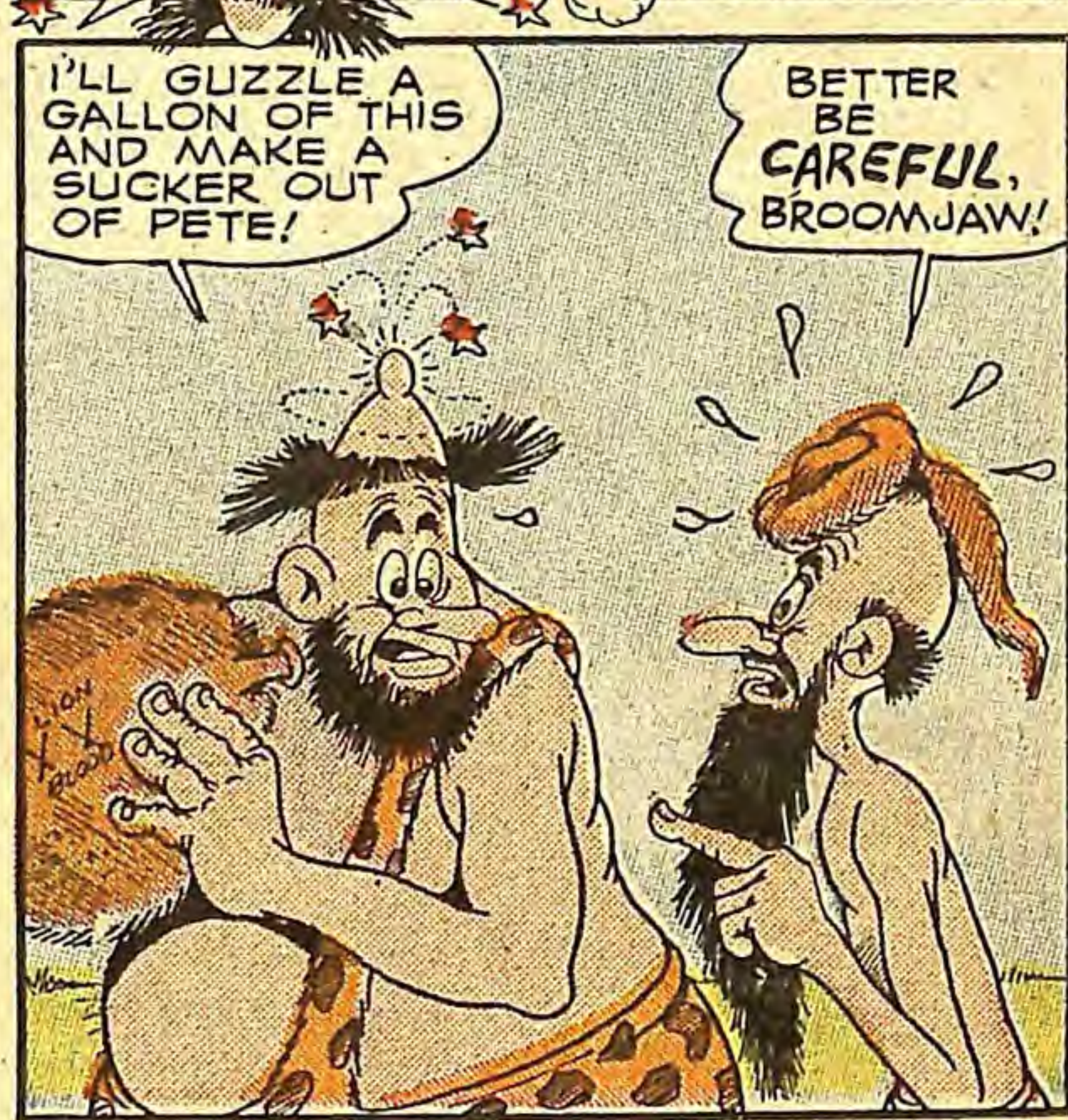


THAT STUFF THEY DRANK MUST BE LION BLOOD! BETTER GET ME SOME FROM DOC HERB!



HEY, DOC! SELL ME A GALLON OF LION BLOOD, WILL YUH?

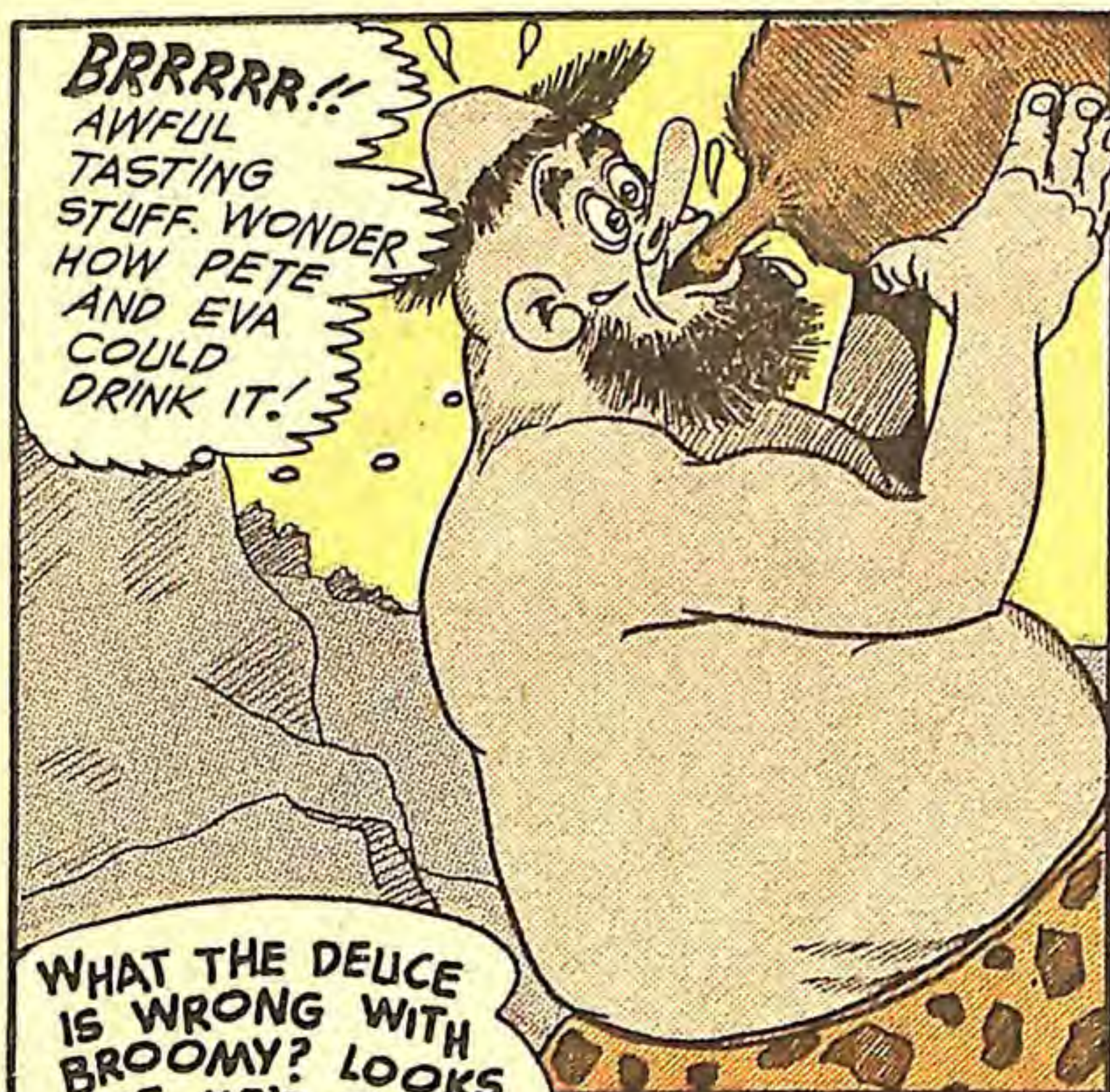
YOU SURE THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, BROOMJAW?



I'LL GUZZLE A GALLON OF THIS AND MAKE A SUCKER OUT OF PETE!

BETTER BE CAREFUL, BROOMJAW!





WHAT THE DEUCE IS WRONG WITH BROOMY? LOOKS LIKE HE'D SEEN A GHOST!

A BIG LION IS CHASING HIM!



WHERE THE FIRE, BROOMJAW?

YOU-- YOU KILLED HIM WITH ONE BLOW! DOC MUST'VE GOT HIS MEDICINE MIXED WRONG! THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN LION BLOOD HE SOLD ME!

SO THAT'S WHAT DOC GAVE YOU! WELL, YOU ASKED FOR IT!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of RED SEAL Comics, published quarterly at St. Louis, Missouri, for June 1, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Harry A. Chesler, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Harry "A" Chesler, Jr. Publications, Inc., and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Harry A. Chesler, Jr., 50 Main Street, Succasunna, N. J.; Editor, Will Harr, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Harry A. Chesler, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.

2. That the owners are: Harry "A" Chesler, Jr. Publications, Inc., 50 Main Street, Succasunna, N. J.; Harry "A" Chesler, Jr., Succasunna, N. J.; Harry "A" Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.; Betty Chesler, Succasunna, N. J.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stocks and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of May, 1946

(Signed) HARRY A. CHESLER,

Business Manager

JOSEPH BELL

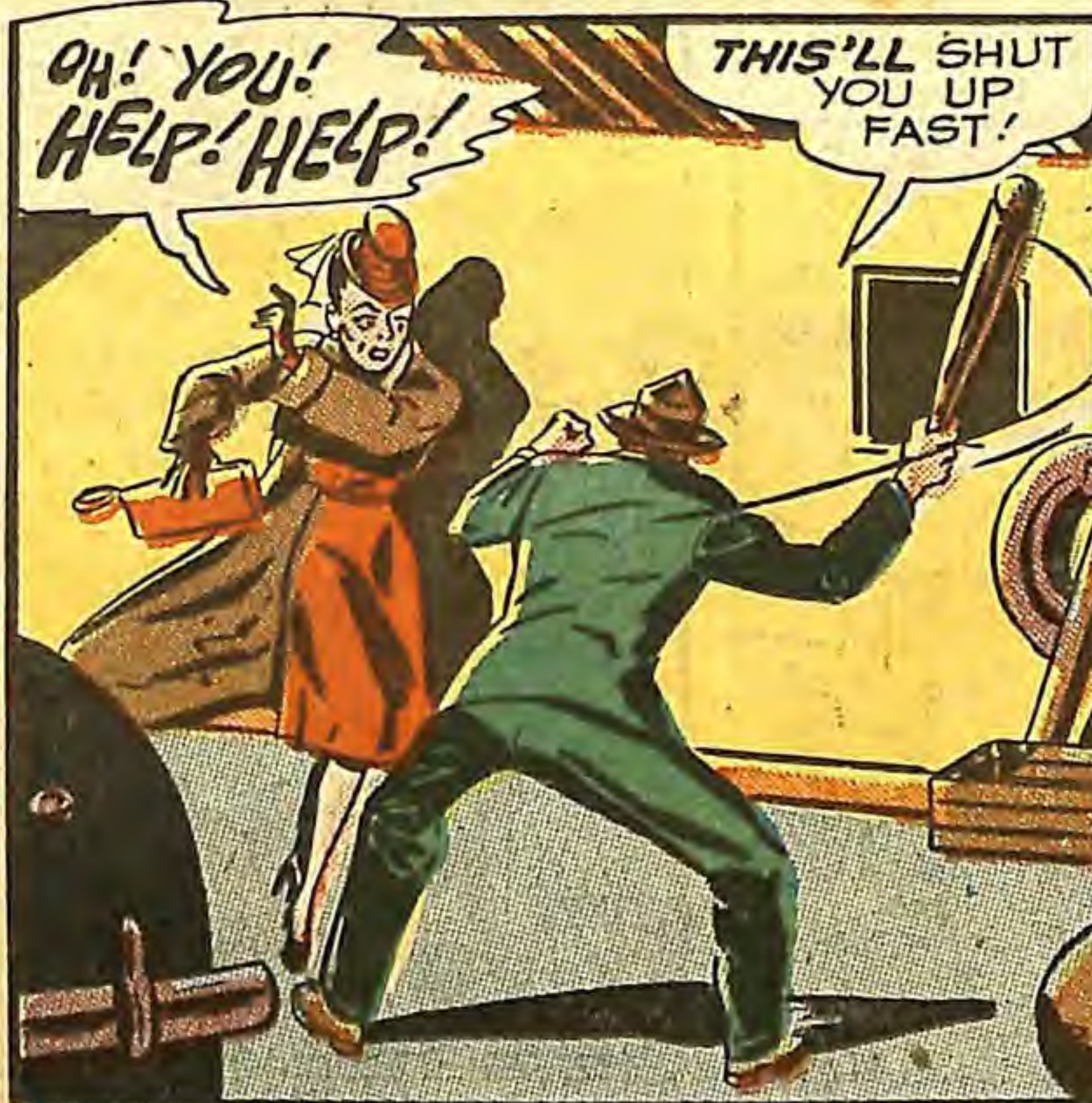
(My Commission Expires on March 30, 1947)



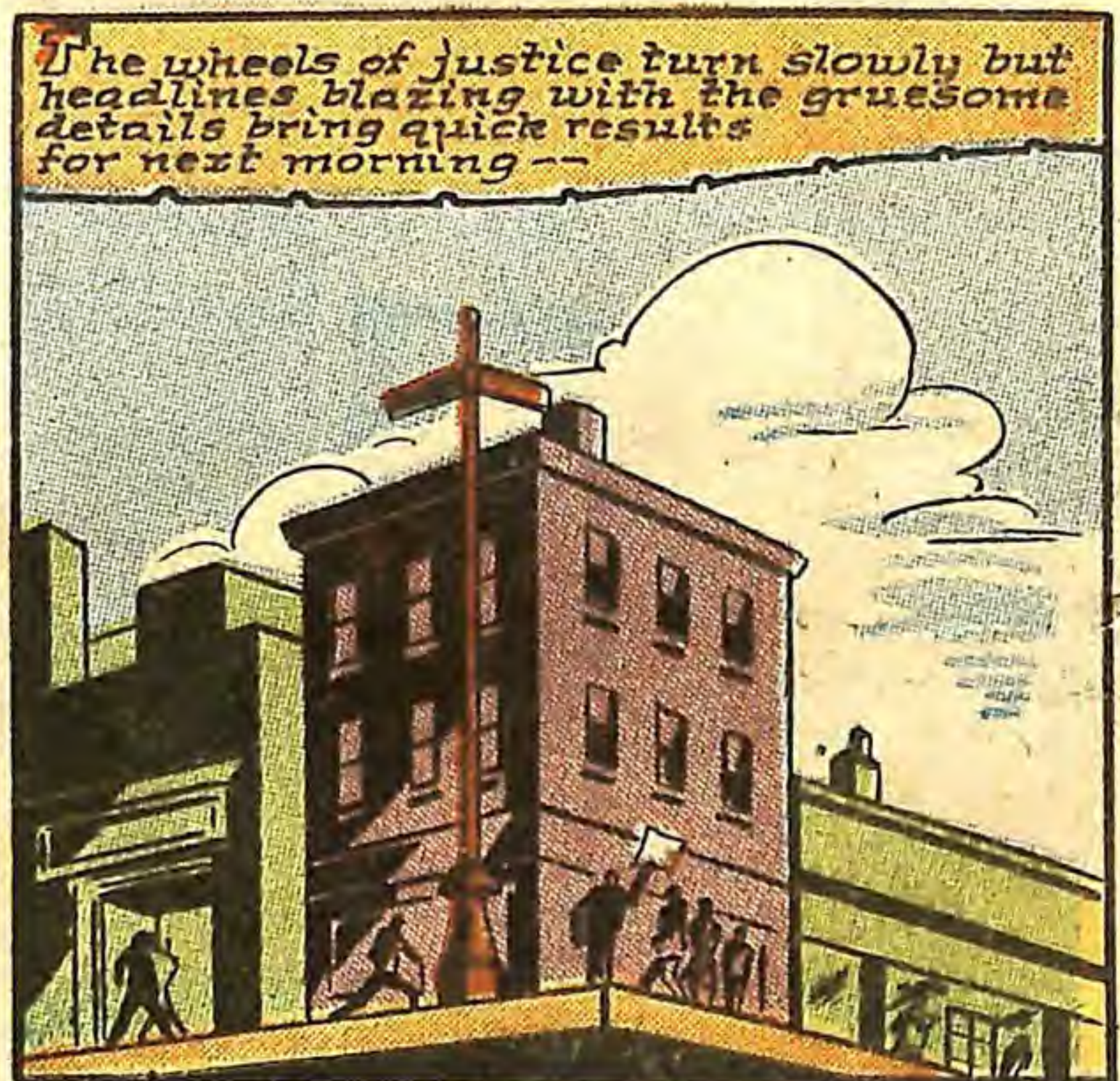
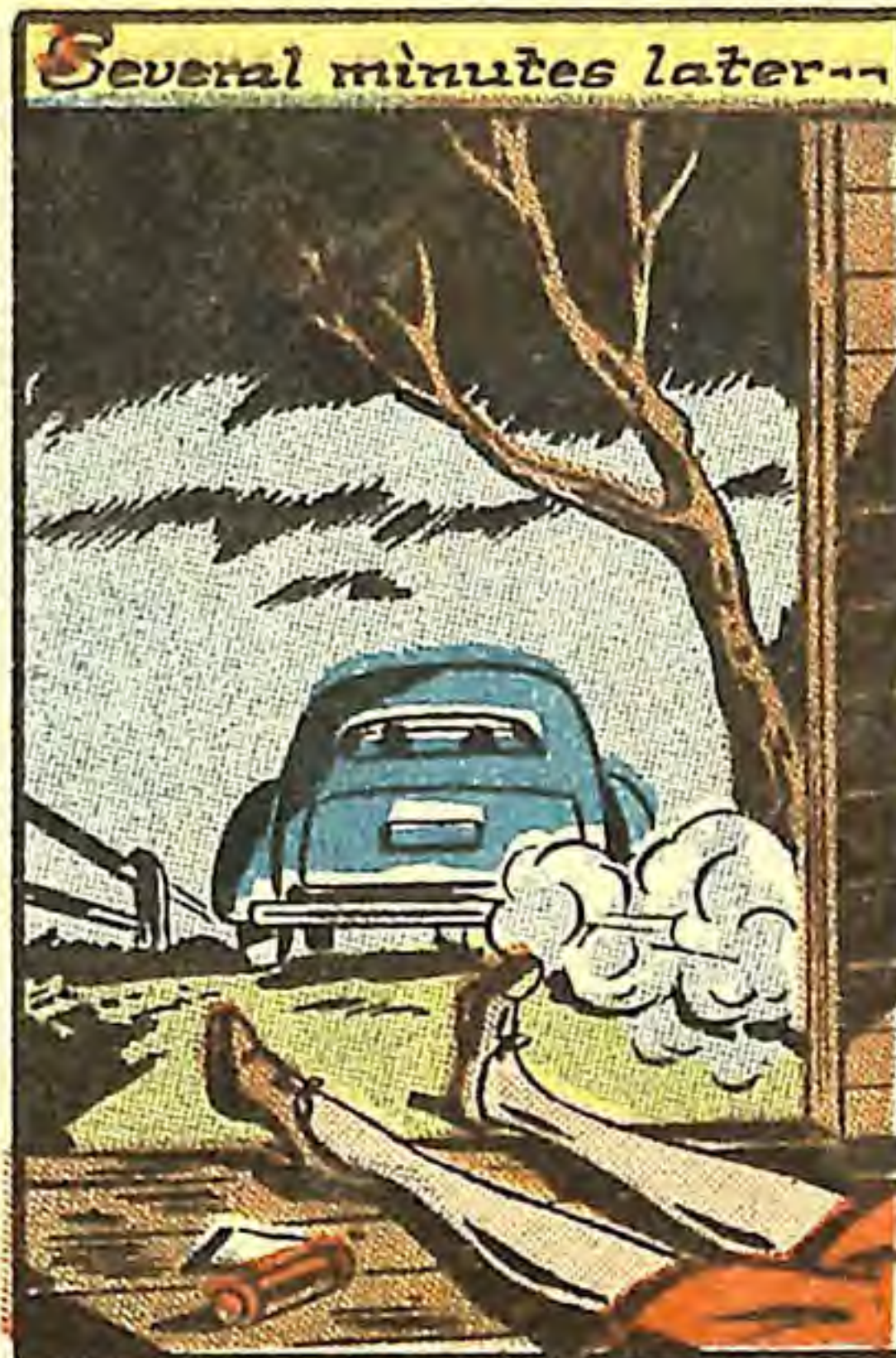
# CALLING ALL CARS







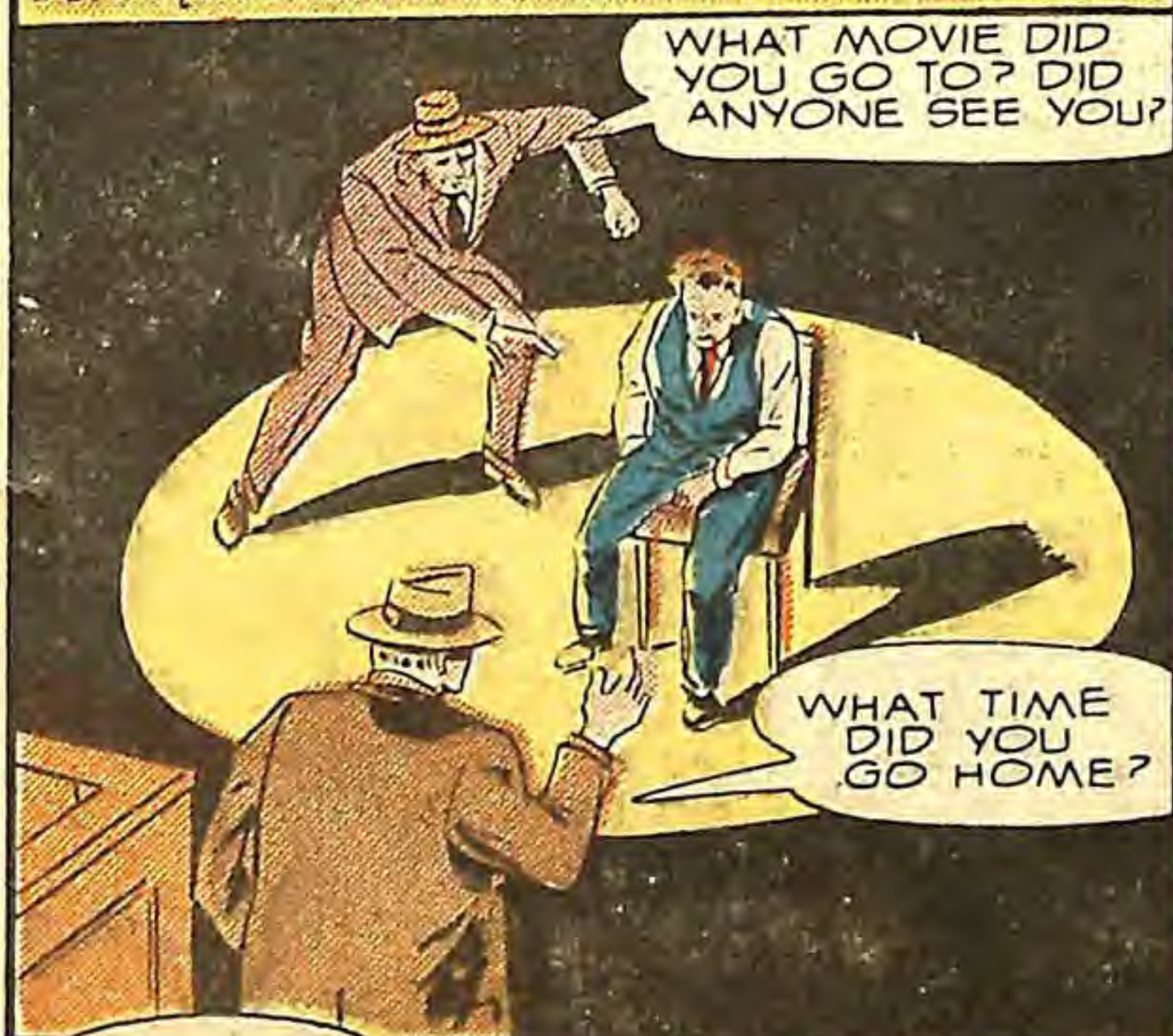








*For a hectic half hour, the detectives fire questions at the bewildered man.*

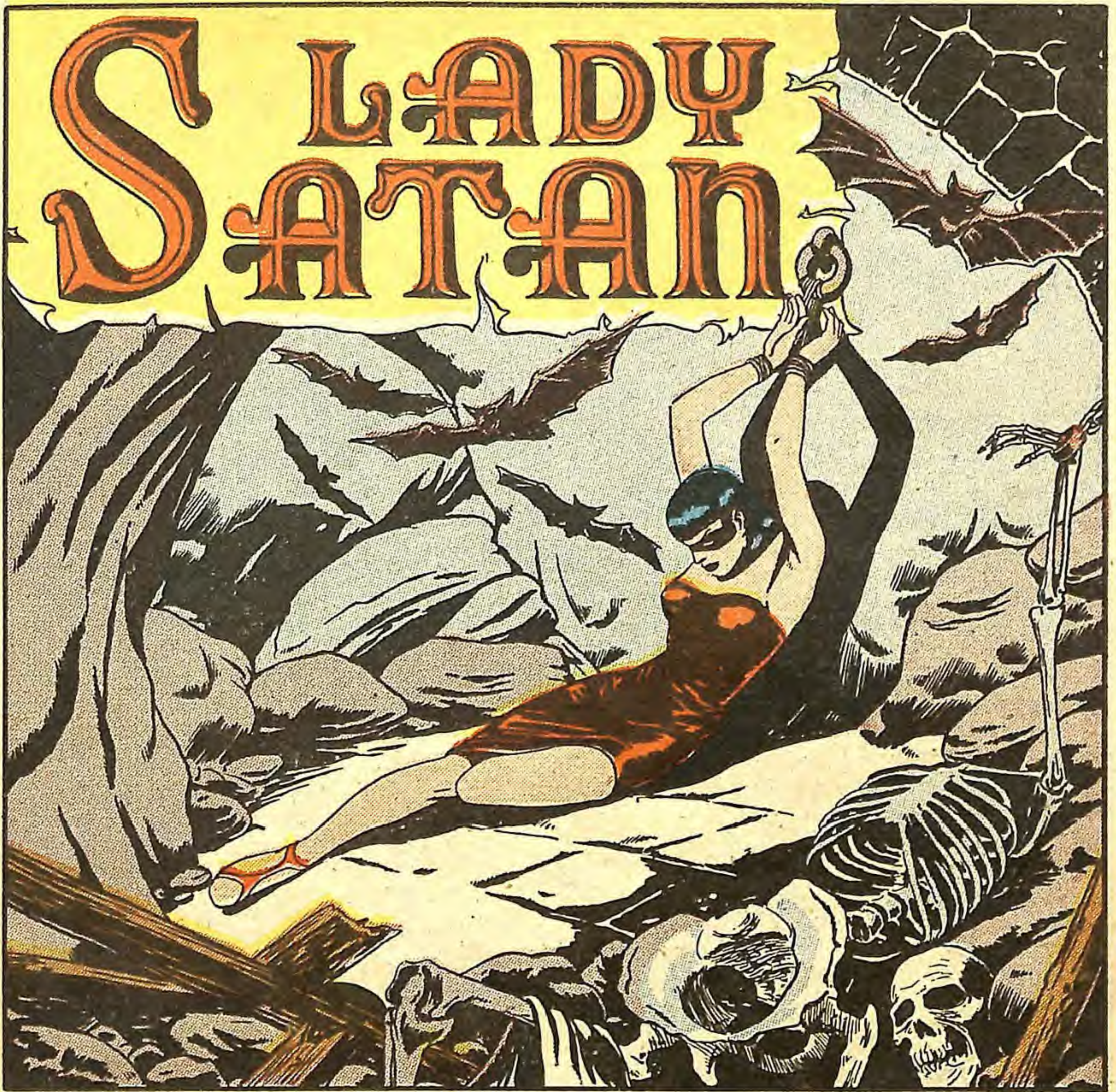








# LADY SATAN























HE'S ONLY A SHADOW! HE CAN'T HURT US, BUT LOOK!

LADY SATAN'S FREE!



YOU WON'T ESCAPE! --YOU WON'T!



BACK-- SPAWN OF EVIL-- BACK!

NO! NO! STOP!



TAKE HER AWAY! TAKE HER AWAY! HELP!



REBECCA! SPEAK TO ME! SHE-- SHE'S DYING! YOU'VE KILLED HER!



YOU'VE HAD YOUR REVENGE, MR. STRONG. ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR NANCY TO OVERCOME HER GRIEF!

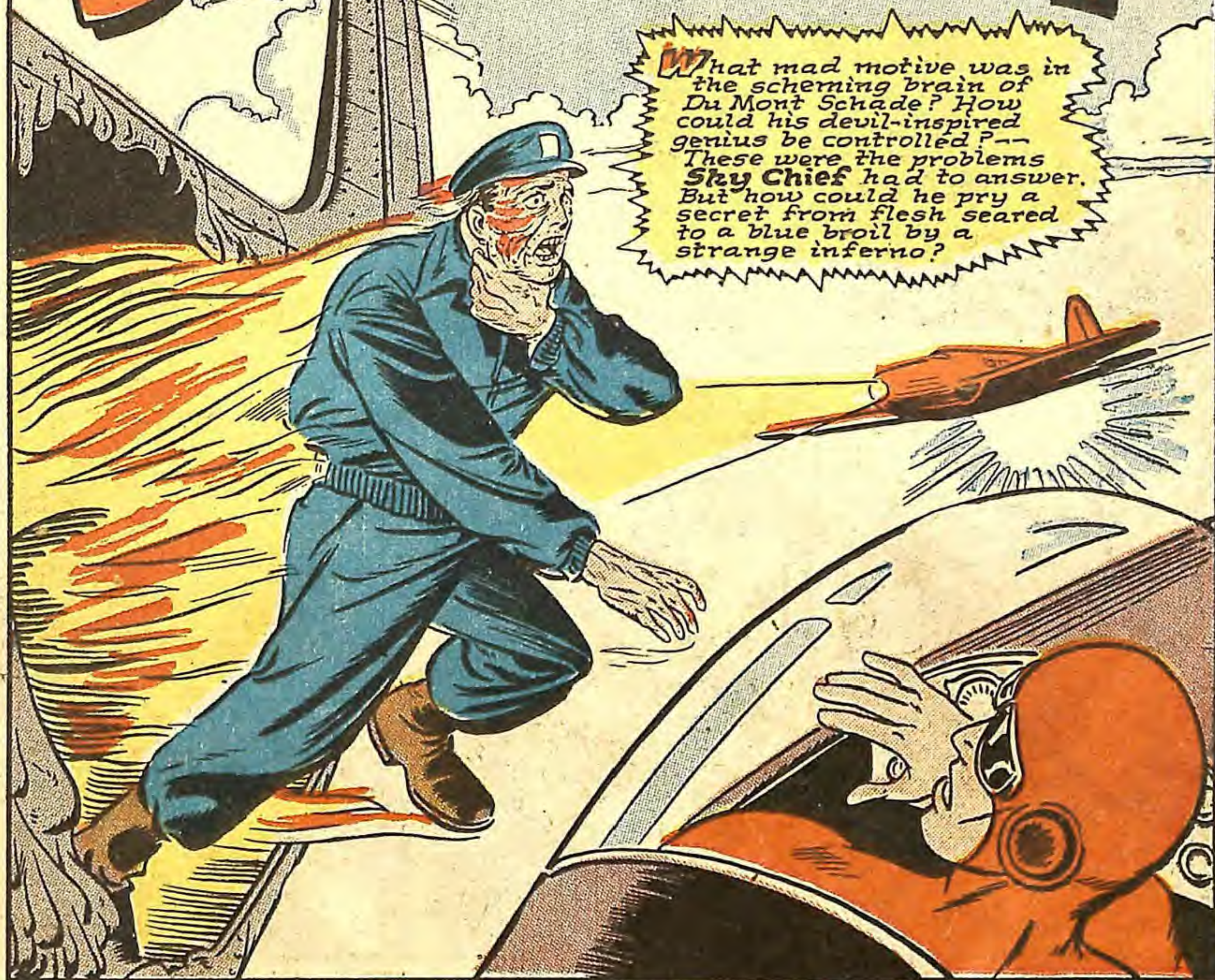


HERE, NANCY, HERE'S YOUR MONEY. YOUR FATHER'S SPIRIT SHOWED ME WHERE IT WAS HIDDEN!

THAT'S STRANGE! I WONDER WHY I COULDN'T SEE HIM. YOU MUST HAVE REMARKABLE EYES. LADY SATAN!



# SKY CHIEF









That evening in his private hangar, Burton Strong becomes Sky Chief.

I GOT YOUR TELEPHONE MESSAGE, SKY CHIEF! WHAT'S UP?

GET THE SKY SHIP OUT, ED. WE'RE FLYING TO THE SUPER-JET PLANT!

WHY ARE WE LANDING OUT HERE IN THE STICKS, SKY CHIEF?

I WANT TO MAKE A **SECRET INSPECTION** OF THE SUPER-JET PLANE I OKAYED THIS AFTERNOON--

After a short hop--

THIS SKELETON KEY FITS THE LOCK. ONE SLIP AND WE'RE IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE, SO **BE CAREFUL!**

SURE WISH LINDA HADN'T INSISTED ON COMING ALONG!

THERE SEEMS TO BE NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THIS SUPER-JET--

WAIT-- ED! HERE'S A **SWITCH** UNDER THE DASH. WONDER WHY IT'S **HIDDEN?**

**Meanwhile--**

BEFORE FILING THESE PAPERS AT WASHINGTON I WISH I COULD **SMASH UP** ANOTHER BARKER TRANSPORT TO DRIVE HOME MY ARGUMENT, KRAMER!

WHY NOT, SCHADE? THEIR **SOUTHERN BELLE** FLIES OVER IN A HALF HOUR!

At that moment--

GOOD GRIEF, KRAMER! SOMEONE'S AT THE SUPER-JET!

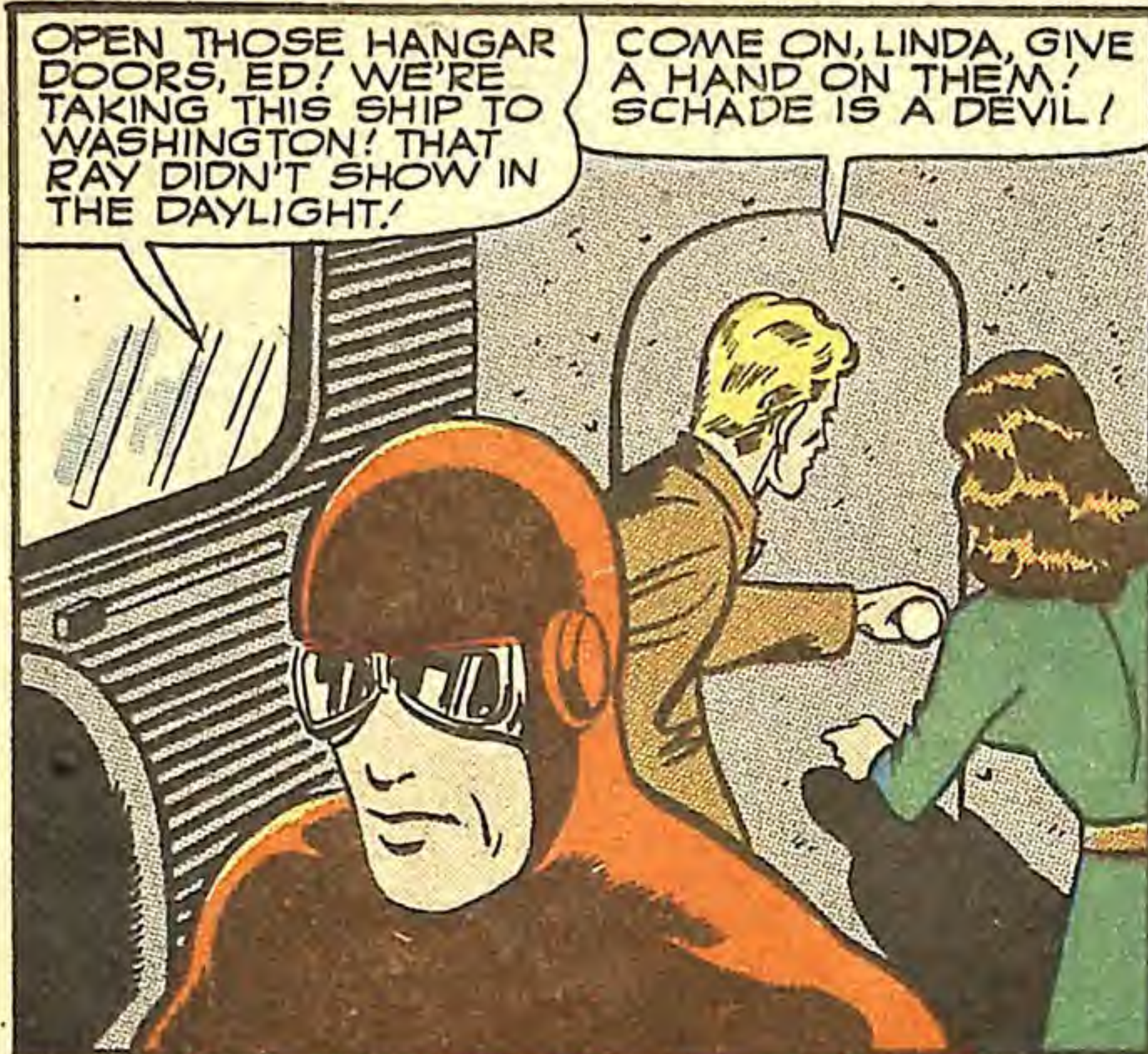
GET THE BOYS! **SURROUND THE PLACE!**

**SPITTING CRACKLE**

I HAVE A HUNCH **STRONG'S** DOING THIS! WE'VE GOT TO **NAB HIM!**

IF HE GETS AWAY, SCHADE, WE'RE **WASHED UP!**





OPEN THOSE HANGAR DOORS, ED! WE'RE TAKING THIS SHIP TO WASHINGTON! THAT RAY DIDN'T SHOW IN THE DAYLIGHT!

COME ON, LINDA, GIVE A HAND ON THEM! SCHADE IS A DEVIL!



WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS FAST! LOOK OUT, LINDA! THERE'S SCHADE NOW!

SO STRONG SENDS A WOMAN TO DO HIS DIRTY WORK! GET YOUR HANDS UP!



YEAH, I'LL GET 'EM UP AND KEEP 'EM FLYING, SHADE!

LOOK OUT, ED! THEY'RE NOT ALONE!

OOOF!



I'LL SAY THEY'RE NOT, SIS!

GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME, YOU BIG LUG!



THIS WILL SEND YOU, BROTHER!

GET THOSE TWO INTO THE SUPER-JET! WE'LL DROP 'EM OUT WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT!



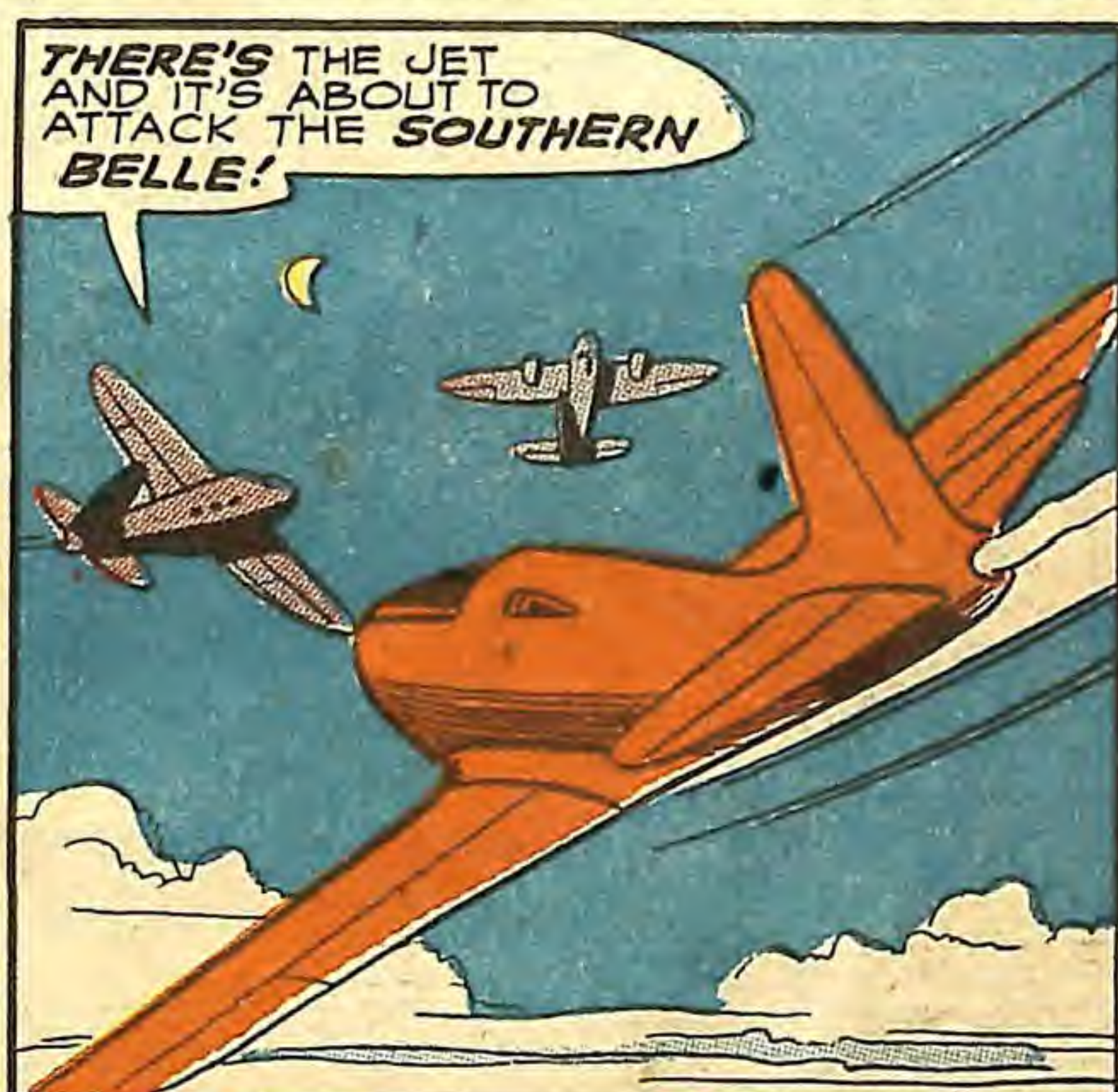
MY ONLY HOPE IS TO HIDE! THERE'S TOO MANY FOR ME TO HANDLE HERE! THEY'LL BE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE IN THE SHIP!



THERE'S NO SIGN OF STRONG AROUND!

WE'LL FIND HIM AT THE UNIVERSITY AFTER WE RETURN!









HELP ME! HELP ME!  
I'M BURNING!  
EXPLODING!



AH G!

SEE, MY DEAR?  
THERE IS NO ESCAPE  
FROM MY POWERFUL  
RAY CANNON!

YOU BEAST!  
OH, IF SKY  
CHIEF WERE  
HERE, YOU  
WOULDN'T--

SKY  
CHIEF!  
AND I  
CAN'T  
CHANGE  
COURSE AT  
THIS SPEED!  
YOU KNEW!

RIGHT!  
AND IF WE  
GO DOWN  
WITH YOU,  
IT WILL  
BE WORTH  
DYING!



I CAN CONTROL THE  
SKY SHIP BETTER THAN  
SCHADE CAN THE JET  
PLANE! I'LL SET THE  
ELECTRIC GYRO  
AND PRAY!

THIS IS WHERE  
I TAKE OVER,  
SCHADE!



YOU'LL TAKE A  
WRENCH OVER  
THE HEAD!



THANK  
HEAVENS,  
SKY CHIEF!

UNTIE ED  
MC KAIL,  
LINDA! I'LL  
HANDLE  
SCHADE FROM  
HERE IN!



THERE GOES  
SCHADE-- HE'LL  
MURDER NO  
MORE TO  
SATISFY  
HIS GREED!

THANKS,  
SKY CHIEF!  
I SURE  
NEVER  
HOPED TO  
SEE YOU  
AGAIN!



Next morning--

ON THE QUIET,  
BURT! WHY  
DIDN'T THE  
SKY SHIP  
CRASH?

I TUNED TO  
THE RADIO  
BEAM AT  
MY HANGAR  
BEFORE I  
JUMPED. THE  
SHIP CAME IN BY  
REMOTE CONTROL!  
BUT, SH-H-H!  
SCHOOL'S IN!



# STAND-IN FOR A CORPSE

## MURDER ISN'T A SPORT FOR AMATEURS

Until a spinal infection had crippled Henrietta Bedloe's left leg no one had been able to distinguish between her and her twin sister, Maria. Maria now had been dead a year, buried by the river in the little cemetery. And Henrietta had been married almost as long a time to Dr. Thomas Moreland, twenty years her junior.

By the will of Cyrus Bedloe, father of the twins, Henrietta, the crippled one, received the bulk of his ample estate, with a proviso that Henrietta should support Maria as long as she should live unmarried.

It was not the narrow, cruel tenets of the will, though, that bothered Ed Lesser, the Public Health Commissioner, but Henrietta's sentiment.

"Henrietta's as stubborn as a mule," Lesser said to Detective Frank Finney. "Maria's was the only grave to be dug in the old burial ground in the past fifty years. The town wants to move the body up on the hill to the new cemetery so the river won't be washin' her bones. There's bathin' below in the river and some of the townspeople are squeamish about it now that the river has overflowed twice lately. That's why I called you in."

"My father worked for Old Man Bedloe a good many years," Finney said, "and Henrietta always liked me. Glad it's Henrietta and not Maria I've got to convince, though. Maria was mean and used to sock me when she could get away with it. Maria had a grip like a vise. Athletic type."

Dr. Moreland, Henrietta's husband, let Finney into the old mansion. Moreland was big, over six feet tall and weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred. He was about thirty-five.

Finney found Henrietta in a wheelchair. She reached out and took Finney's hand in both of hers.

"It's nice to see you, Frank," she said, her voice cracking and rather high-pitched.

"I came about the cemetery, Henrietta," Finney said.

The woman's jaw clamped tight. Henrietta shook her head. "It's no use and if that's all you came for, Dr. Moreland will show you out," she said.

Downstairs Finney remarked, "It's been a long time since I've been on the place, Dr. Moreland. Mind if I look around?"

Finney went outside and down the hatchway to the dank cellar. Memories not altogether

pleasant crowded through his mind. Many a winter night he had worked long and hard trying to get heat from the old hot-air furnace, with its clogged and smoky pipes and inadequate drafts.

Twenty minutes later Finney returned from the cellar and walked to the street. He waited casually back of a clump of shrubbery, watched patiently. Suddenly he hurried back toward the house, rushed inside without knocking and bumped hard into Moreland who was getting out fast. Finney was ready and kept his balance, but Moreland spilled, fell backward to the floor.

A motion at the head of the stairs caught Finney's eye. He raised his head. Moreland saw the division of attention. He rose and sprang at Finney. Finney came back with a right that sent Moreland sprawling again. The detective dove to follow up, but Moreland yanked out an automatic and fired.

The bullet grazed Finney's head, but he fell on the gun arm. Both grappled on the floor. Then Finney got in a punch first to Moreland's wind and then to his jaw. Moreland stiffened out and Finney got up.

"Okay," Finney called up the stairway, "come on down, Maria!"

Maria Bedloe, her head held high, stepped proudly down the carpeted stairs.

"I'm glad it's over," she said.

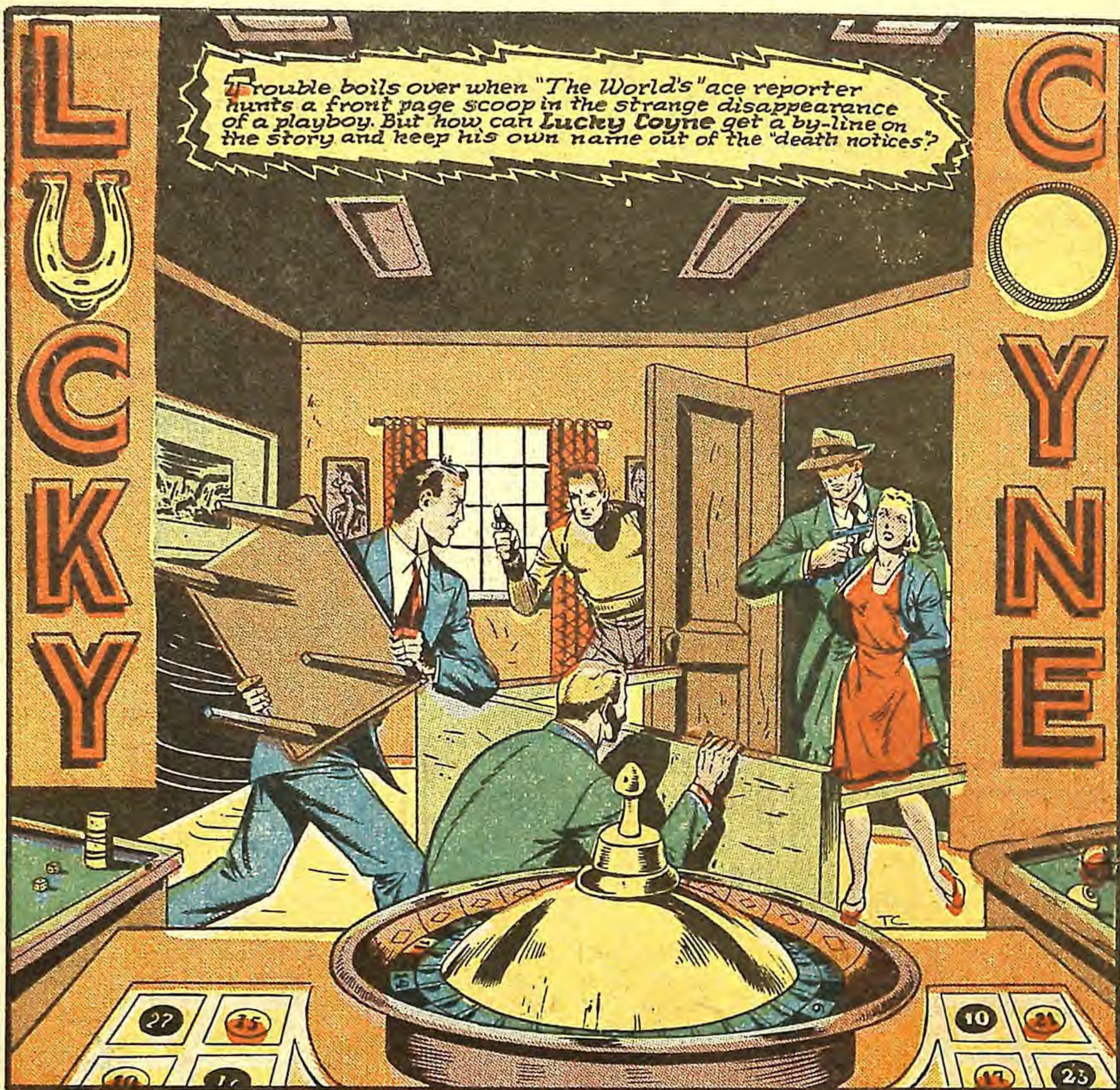
Ed Lesser was waiting with the Chief at headquarters.

"All my life," confessed Maria, "I waited on Henrietta. When the Doctor began courting her I knew it was for her money. One night I gave Henrietta a sleeping pill and put her into my bed. I took her place and suggested Dr. Moreland do something about my sister. Dr. Moreland gave 'Maria' a hypodermic injection from which she never recovered. When Dr. Moreland found out his mistake it was too late, for he, too, was involved. Thus I got the estate *and* the Doctor."

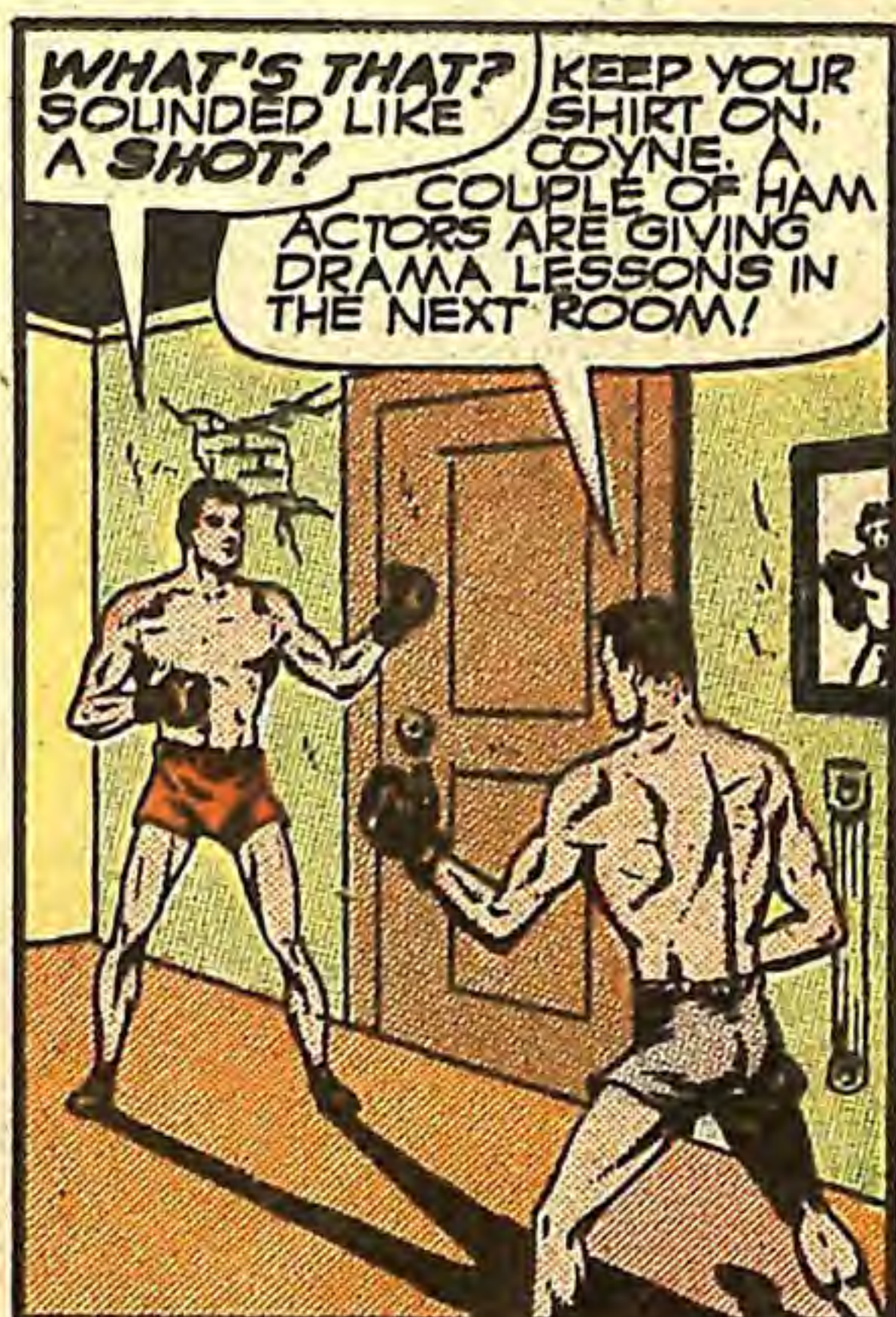
Later Ed Lesser shook his head wonderingly. "How did you get wise, Frank?" he asked.

"I was sure when she shook my hand she was Maria. I KNOW that grip! So I started a furnace fire. From past experience I was certain the fire would send smoke through the house. Maria and Doc thought it was the house burning. Moreland was taking a powder to save his own skin. Maria—well, I just smoked her out!"

















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34 pages - no lfc, lbc

# RED SEAL COMICS



Another scan  
by Rangerhouse  
edits by Yoc

WIRENUT  
SCANNING

March 12, 2012

Yoc Edit  
No. 95

